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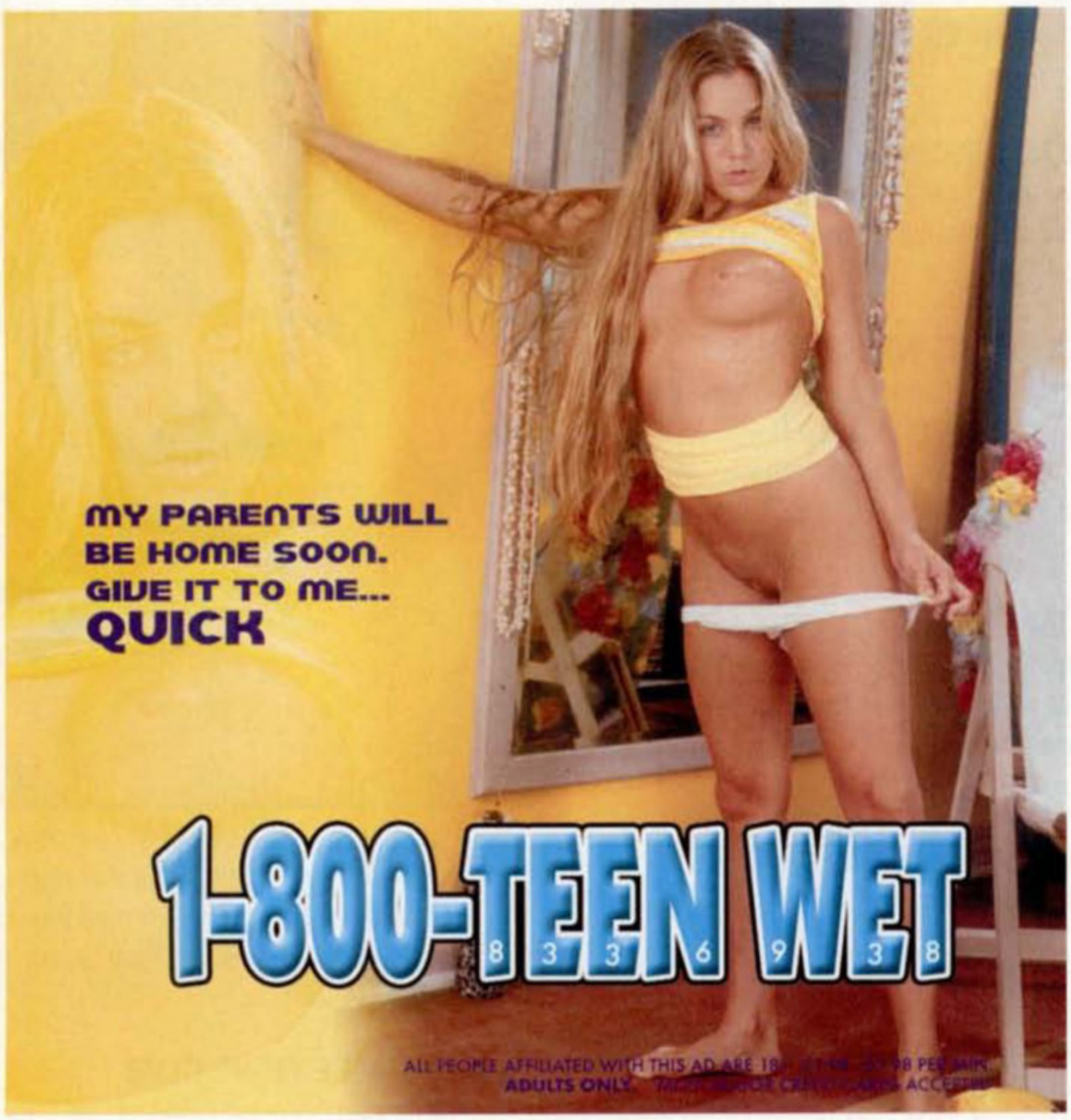
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Cover photo by Michael Bisco

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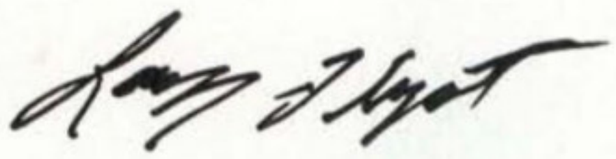


CONGRATULATIONS, GOVERNOR SCHWARZENEGGER!

On October 7, 2003, you were elected the 38th governor of the great state of California, my state. Naturally, you can be sure that we here at HUSTLER will be watching you quite closely in the coming months and years, no doubt making fun of you from time to time, perhaps unmercifully on occasion. (See, for instance, this issue's *Bits & Pieces* section.) But that's what we're known for, and I'm sure you wouldn't expect us to change on your behalf. In any case, it's all in fun—mostly.

Having said that, we really do want to see you succeed at fixing the problems with our fair state. We note with trepidation, however, that you are allied with former Republican governor Pete Wilson and George Schultz, formerly of the Reagan Administration and lately of the Carlyle Group, a huge cartel with strong ties to Daddy Bush. We further note that a lot of the problems in our state stem from the Republican side of the aisle: the car tax (Wilson, who set up a trip lever to bring it into being), the energy crisis (Wilson's deregulation of the energy companies) and the budget crisis (the state Republicans who blocked Davis's original budget plans for dealing with the crisis). When you "clean house in Sacramento," as you put it, we certainly hope that you scrub equally hard in all corners, and don't try to sweep anything under the rug.

You came into power telling the people that you are your own man, with no obligations to "special interests." If this is truly the case, you stand to become a great governor, one that I and many others will gladly support. Don't disappoint us. Don't disappoint yourself. Stay true to the people of California that you are sworn to serve.



Larry Flynt
Publisher
HUSTLER

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From the Boys

We have just received your care package, and it is a breath of fresh air. The sheer joy of seeing some of the most beautiful women in the world and reading up on current events was a huge motivational factor in protecting what we love the most. So far, we have been out here in Iraq for eight months, and our adult entertainment and mail from home is all we have to look forward to at the end of the day. So from the Bladerunner Bad Boys, thanks. We can't wait to get home and push it to the "base." Additionally, we are all working on our porn star names. In order from left to right: 1Lt. Dave "Diggler" Henning, Spc. Chris "Caliber" Anderson, Spc. Josh "Tommy Gunz" Knealing, Spc. Allen "Ricky Recoil" Hague and 1Sgt. Jeff "Jack Hammer" Welch.

—Bladerunner Bad Boys
Iraq

One From the Ladies

My name is Pfc. Justine Heimer, in the 353rd Transportation Company. I'm in Iraq right now hauling fuel until February under Operation Iraqi Freedom. The only reason I've gotten through the past eight months is because of your magazine. I love the articles and, of course, the great pictures. I just wanted to thank you for helping me get through this ordeal.

—J.H.
Iraq

HUSTLER wants to thank you for your brave service as well as the photo you enclosed, J.H. Please send all future pictures to *Beaver Hunt*, care of this magazine.





The Bladerunner Bad Boys, ready for their close-up.

Floridian Fool

I am writing in reply to a letter written by B.J. from Cape Coral, Florida ("Soft On War," December 2003 *Feedback*) complaining about the uncensored war photos in the October 2003 HUSTLER. The cover stated, "Images that no one else will print." I suppose B.J. thinks that anyone can pick up a copy of *Newsweek* and see the same photos. Perhaps he could only look at the pictures because he can't read. People from Florida have trouble voting, so this is nothing new.

—S.P.
Iraq



LAUREN PHOENIX

Loving Lauren

I felt compelled to write to you guys after receiving the Holiday 2003 issue. I must say, Lauren (*Lauren Phoenix: Fuck Bunny*) is one of the hottest sluts to grace the pages of HUSTLER since Felix Vicious from November 2003, and she's a Canadian-born babe to boot. Her skin is flawless, and her lips are as hot as Angelina Jolie's. I wanna dive into that honeypot! It's great to know that she's so down-to-earth. Thanks for the top-shelf wanking material.

—T.J.
Vancouver, British Columbia

Dialed In

I am a 23-year-old porn-store clerk in Bartonsville, Pennsylvania. I have never read HUSTLER in the past, but I've always admired Larry Flynt ever since I saw the movie *The*

GRAFFILTHY



Thanks and $50 go to **Paul B.**

"I'm in Iraq right now, and the only reason I've gotten through the past eight months is because of HUSTLER."

People vs. Larry Flynt when I was 16. Since I started my job, I have read every new issue of HUSTLER and every back issue from the past four years. I recently read an article that I really enjoyed in the Holiday 2003 issue called *Pirate Radio Attacks!* It's great to see a magazine with the balls to use freedom of speech to the max.

—W.S.
Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania

Election Trouble

The recall election in California has nationwide ramifications. To allow a 51% election to be overturned in one year by a 30% election because of one wealthy speculator was never intended. It encourages opportunistic candidacies by unqualified celebrities who did not dream of running in the regular election one year ago. Such foolhardy election games also destabilize the government and endanger democracy.

—J.T.
West New York, New Jersey

It looks like we're stuck with the Terminator for a while, J.T. On the plus side, the election of Arnold Schwarzenegger gives us a reason to run the intriguing photos on page 17 of this issue. At the very least, it should be an interesting few years.

Welcome Back!

Congratulations on getting your depleted uranium article (*Toxic Troops*, June 2003) onto the Project Censored list this year. It is a fitting testament to HUSTLER's return to hard-hitting investigative journalism. I'm a lapsed reader who has since returned to the fold following my discovery of Larry's May 2003 *Publisher's Statement*. I also enjoyed the Janine Jackson/FAIR interview (*Democracy vs. the FCC*) in the Holiday 2003 issue. Keep up the good work

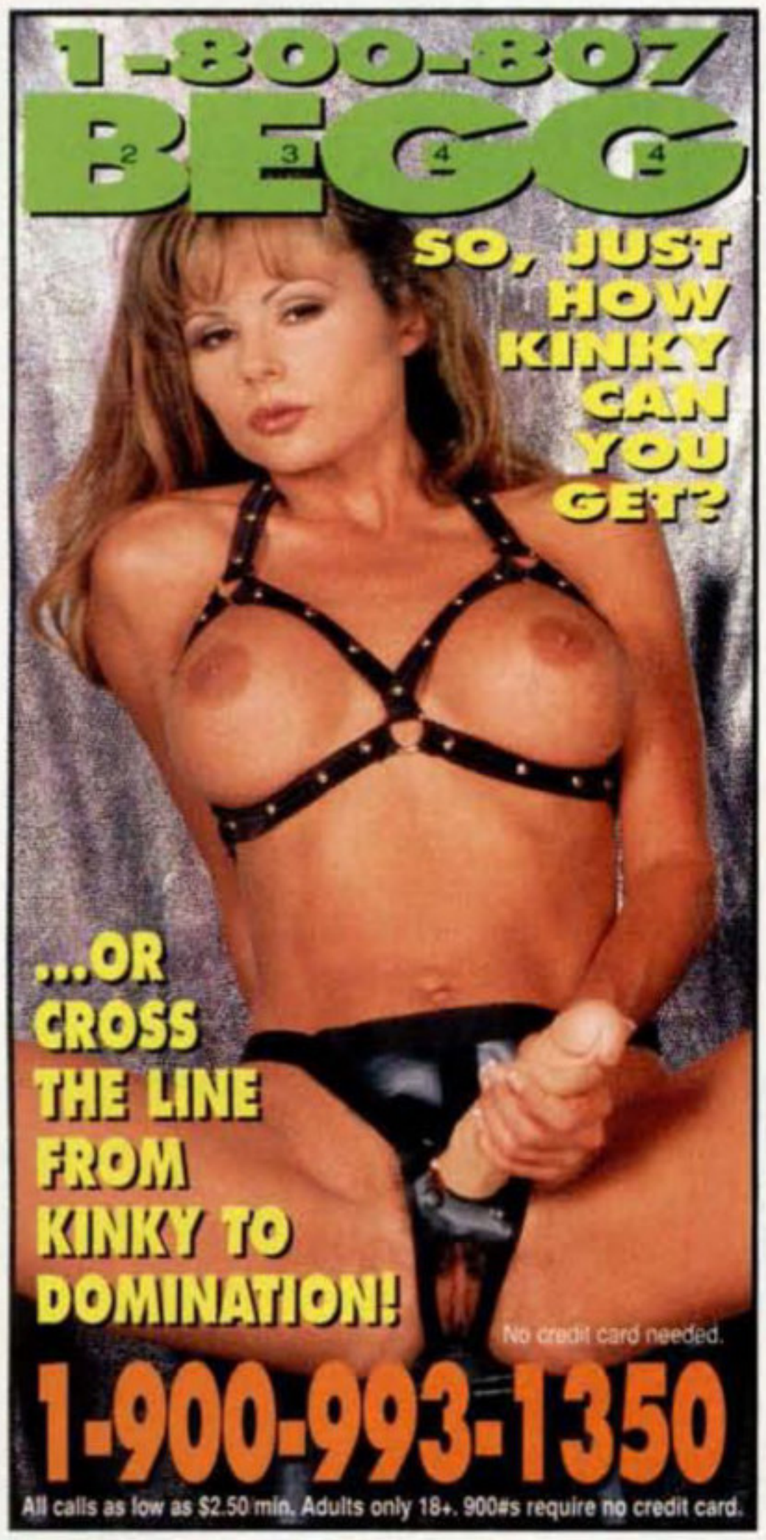
—J.J.
via Internet

Student Sounds Off

You returned to doing your *Publisher's Statement* in the February 2003 HUSTLER, and in the May 2003 issue, you announced a new direction for the magazine. Both have been a welcome pleasure these last few months. As our civil rights get trampled by Bush, Ashcroft and other cronies from this administration, it is refreshing to see honest, insightful and informative news pertinent to our civil liberties. Few news agencies are asking the tough questions or covering the topics that need to be addressed. I am in graduate school, and it is amazing how few people are aware of the USA PATRIOT Act. I denounce Bush, Ashcroft and the PATRIOT Act every chance I get. I will continue to read HUSTLER and purchase related products because I know my money is being put to good use.

—B.S.
Tobyhanna, Pennsylvania

Do you have a comment or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to hustler@lfp.com. Include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication.

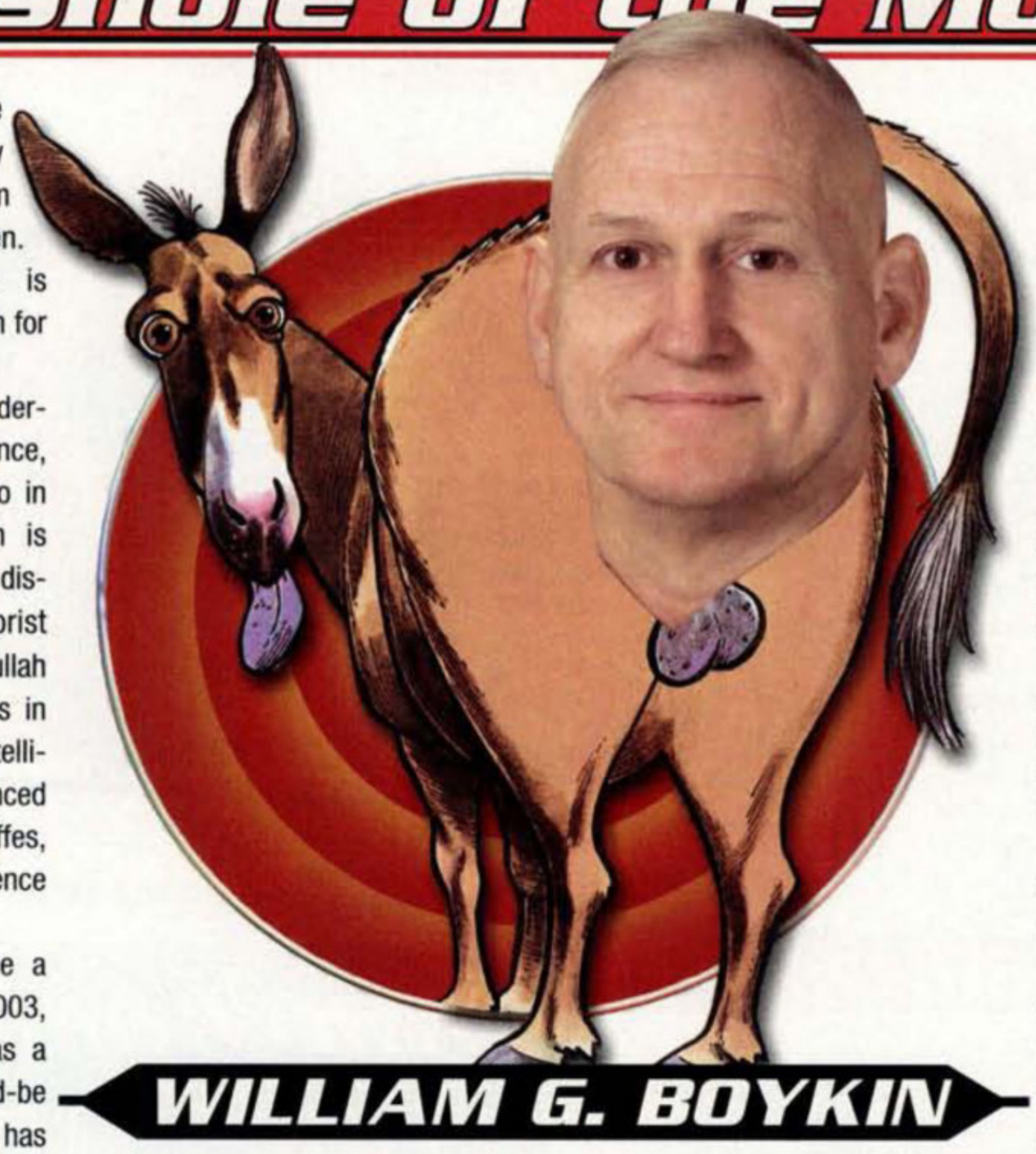








Asshole of the Month



WILLIAM G. BOYKIN

A four-star feces flume who brings putrid new meaning to the term "high-ranking officer," Lt. Gen. William G. "Jerry" Boykin is HUSTLER's Asshole of the Month for March 2004.

Boykin serves as deputy undersecretary of defense for intelligence, a position he was appointed to in June 2003. As such, Boykin is responsible for compiling and dispersing intelligence on terrorist leaders—Osama bin Laden, Mullah Omar, etc.—to American forces in the field. His personal lack of intelligence and judgment, as evidenced by a series of boneheaded gaffes, calls into question his competence to scrub latrines.

Boykin's unsuitability became a matter of record in October 2003, when his extracurricular gig as a motivational speaker for would-be theocrats came to light. Boykin has made several addresses to various evangelical churches, during which he has declared America to be a "Christian nation" with a "Christian army." The seeming purpose of these pep talks has been to foment religious intolerance and, contrary to the Bush Administration's efforts, cast the war on terrorism as a battle between Christianity and Islam.

Recalling a 1993 battle with Muslim militia leader Osman Otto in Somalia, Boykin blustered, "I knew that my God was bigger than his. I knew that my God was a real God, and his was an idol."

This sort of theological pissing match is best suited to scraggly-bearded fanatics with fake passports, not an elevated official in the U.S. government. Moreover, it shows a startling ignorance on Boykin's part; Islam regards idolatry as a serious offense.

Among General Jackass's other assertions:

1) That America's enemy is not Osama bin Laden or Saddam Hussein, but "a guy named Satan."

Last we knew, Satan hadn't claimed responsibility for the September 11 hijackings, nor is he a known al Qaeda operative. It's frightening that Boykin, whose job is to gather data on terrorists, apparently doesn't recognize this.

2) Our country's enemies will "only be defeated if we come against them in the name of Jesus."

This will come as a surprise to America's non-Christian service members. Apparently, their life-risking sacrifice is futile, unless they make it under Boykin's deity.

3) "George Bush was not elected by a majority of voters in the United States...he was appointed by God."

On this, Boykin is half-right; Bush *wasn't* elected by a majority of voters, but it wasn't God who put him in the White House.

Like every American, Boykin is entitled to his religious beliefs. However, in his official capacity—and when he's in uniform, as he often is for his tirades, he represents the U.S. government—there's no place for such inflammatory and bigoted statements. Nor is there room for his categorization of the democratic process as a trifle to be usurped by "divine" will.

Boykin goes beyond misguided and exclusionary; he's delusional. During several of his Bible-thumping rallies, he's produced a photo of the Somalian city of Mogadishu with "mysterious" black slashes across the sky. Boykin attributes the marks not to a camera or film defect, or even shadows or clouds, but to "the principalities of darkness.

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is your enemy," Boykin proclaims. "It is the demonic presence in that city that God revealed to me."

If this is how Boykin interprets data, should he be trusted with providing intelligence for our troops?

After the public caught foul wind of Boykin's proclamations and even President Bush was compelled to repudiate them, Wafflin' Will retreated like a French turtle. His comments about Osman Otto, he suddenly claimed, didn't refer to Islam, but rather Otto's "worship of power and money; idolatry."

No reasonable reading of Boykin's speech supports this interpretation. Besides, if the "worship of power and money" is really heresy to Boykin, how could he, in good Christian conscience, accept a job from the utterly rapacious Bush Administration?

General Gasbag also claims that he'll be curtailing his church speaking engagements because "I don't want to come across as a right-wing radical."

Don't worry, Will; we know that you're positioned squarely at rear-center, just like any other Asshole.

Farts in the Wind

Les Moonves: Rather than exercising his network's First Amendment rights, CBS Chairman and CEO Moonves decided to ax controversial biopic *The Reagans*, following complaints from Republican National Committee Chairman Ed Gillespie and various other whiny conservatives. What Moonves lacks in spine, he more than makes up for in Asshole.

John Allen Rubio: Brownsville, Texas, resident Rubio won't be winning any Father of the Year awards anytime soon. Rubio was recently convicted of killing his common-law wife's three children, aged three years to two months, because he believed the tots were possessed by the soul of his grandmother. Autopsy reports show that Rubio, with assistance from wifey Angela Camacho, suffocated and stabbed the kids, then beheaded them. Rubio need not fear a similar fate; his own cranium is safely ensconced deep within his Asshole.

"Never feel remorse for what you have thought about your wife. She has thought much worse things about you." —JEAN ROSTAND

F U, FHM

Lad mag *FHM* recently humped HUSTLER's leg and didn't even have the courtesy to tip us for the ride. The neutrino-sized talents at *FHM* published this photo of our HUSTLER model Jordan sitting on a chick-chair at our HUSTLER Hollywood store in Los Angeles. Jordan was there to promote HUSTLER's May 2003 issue, featuring bondage artist Gord's human furniture. We're happy to help *FHM* readers catch a *real* glimpse of erotica once in a while, but the snakes could have at least credited us. We'd steal one of their stories in retaliation, but who the hell wants to read *FHM*'s feminine fashion tips for men?



Wild Kingdom



The Erection Collection features boner-fied, plush beasts such as Domingo the Flamingo (pictured), Orgazmatang the Orangutan and Ice Pube the Polar Bear. They say women like stuffed animals, and God knows guys like stuffing women, so maybe there's actually a market for this, *uhh*, stuff. If you or someone you know has a hard-on for aroused, foam-filled animals, please see a psychiatrist or go to **www.PacificTrades.com**.

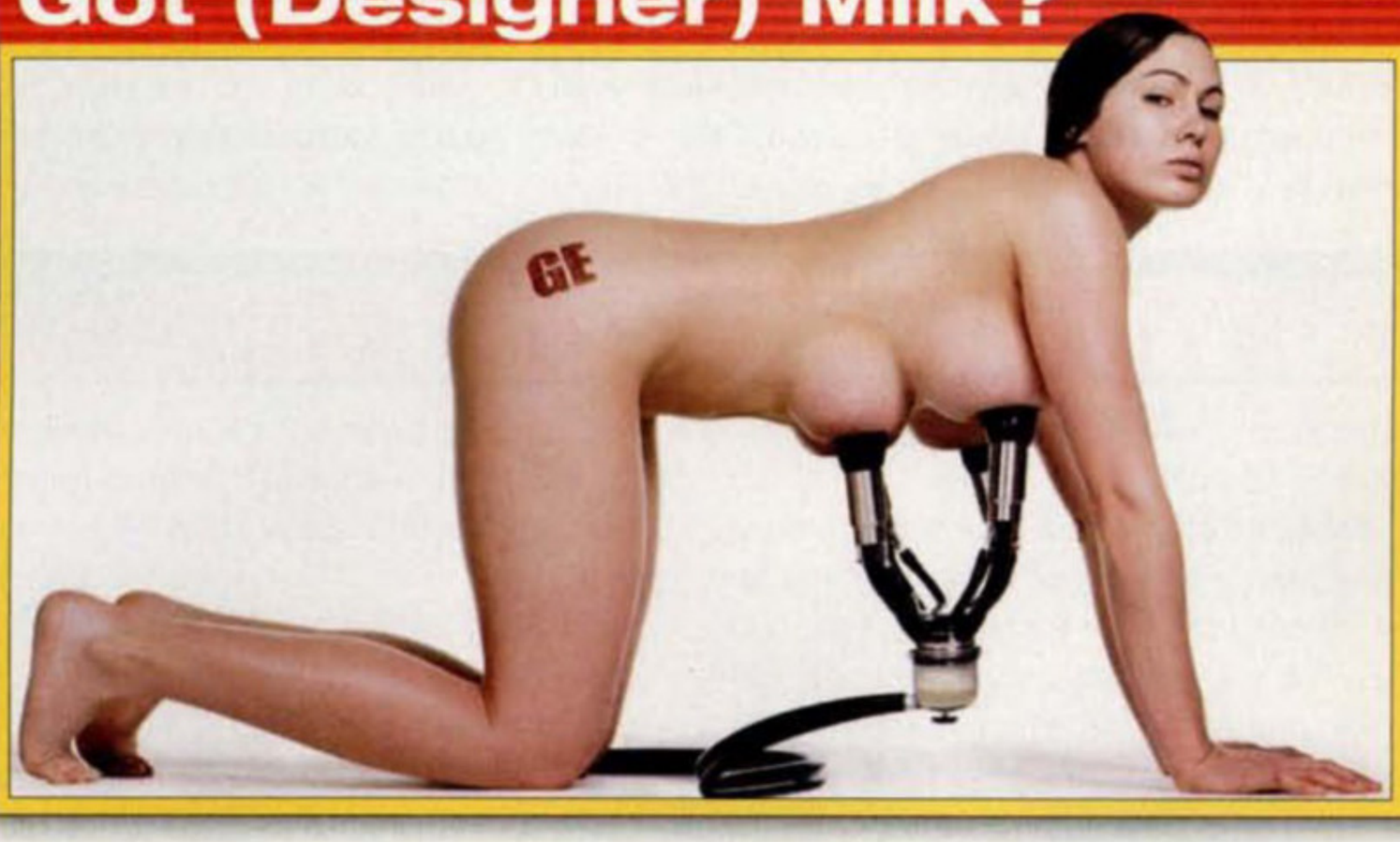
Porn From the Past



Golden-Age Garter Belt

Thanks and $150 go to E. M. of Roanoke, Virginia, for this long-lost lingerie classic. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's "Porn From the Past," 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned. HUSTLER is not responsible for lost pictures.

Got (Designer) Milk?



The political activist group MAdGE (Mothers Against Genetic Engineering in Food and the Environment) has erected this controversial billboard in the New Zealand cities of Wellington and Auckland to protest a ghoulish new twist in genetically engineered foods. They say that AgResearch is currently placing human genes into cows in hopes of creating "designer milks." AgResearch's mouthpiece, Life Sciences Network, says "the (MAdGE) billboards denigrate women." And the actual research doesn't? To find out more, please go to **www.Madge.net.nz**.

NEWSBITES

Old (One-Eyed) Glory: Comedian Sam Walters thought he had a surefire shtick to win a September 11-themed contest at a comedy club in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Each comic had to describe Islam offensively in 100 words or less and pay a special tribute to America, so Walters pulled out his dick, which was painted red, white and blue. Amazingly, he lost the contest. "I don't think my penis has ever been so embarrassed or looked so small," the full-frontal funnyman lamented. Cheer up, Sam; at least you had the balls to put your tiny weenie on the line.

We're Looking for a Few Good Boobs: At a court-martial proceeding in New Orleans, Louisiana, Marine Corps Staff Sergeant Sherry Pierre pleaded guilty to stealing from the government. Pierre used a military credit card to go on a $129,709 spending spree that included a car, a motorcycle and breast implants. The newly buxom sarge was given 14 months in a military brig, fined $30,000 and reduced in rank to lance corporal. She also received a lifetime invitation to all Navy Tailhook parties.

After-School Special: In St. Charles County, Missouri, police say that two girls and five boys, all aged 15, participated in the filming of a porn flick. One boy allegedly admitted to the cops that he offered to show classmates the porn movie for five bucks. In a letter to parents, Fort Zumwalt South High School Principal Graham Weir said, "It's a sad situation. Sad for those kids. Sad for those families." To offer a ray of hope in all this "sadness," we'd like these kids to look us up in three years; we're always looking for talented performers and filmmakers.

Gimme a B! Gimme a J!: Authorities at the University of Scranton in Pennsylvania say they received an anonymous letter detailing alleged sexual hazing rituals of the school's cheerleading squad. The note said that new pompom girls were told that they were required to drink until they got sick and give a male athlete a blowjob. *Hmmm*; sounds like a great college recruitment film to us. We know some 15-year-olds in Missouri who'd probably shoot it cheap.

Lesbian Latte: Four former female employees are suing the Minneapolis-based Caribou Coffee company for same-sex harassment. The women allege that their female manager felt one girl's ass repeatedly, rubbed her breasts and pelvis against the women, and invited one employee to have sex with her dog. The girls claim their complaints were ignored by Caribou. We, however, would love to hear these stories in explicit detail. Ladies, send your experiences to HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.



Grand Theft Auto

When guys want a sporty car, they have to work their asses off to save up for a down payment, go to car lots, take test-drives, pay a mechanic to check out the vehicle, haggle on the price with a slimy car salesman and sign away their lives for years of monthly payments at high interest rates. But as this picture shows, all that some women have to do is pick up the phone and call a divorce attorney.

"Brides aren't happy—they are just triumphant."
—JOHN BARRYMORE

web site of the month







Ever wondered what famous celebs look like when they're getting busted? Log on to MugShots.com, which features pictures of stars like Anna Nicole Smith, Yasmine Bleeth and Carmen Elektra looking like hell as they get booked for alleged misdeeds ranging from DWI to assault. The Web site also includes mugs of wacky crooks, famous gangsters and rowdy rockers such as Keith Richards and Axl Rose. To see if your favorite star has run afoul of the law, go to **www.MugShots.com**.



Olsen Twins Countdown

As of January 13, 2004, there are only **152** more days until the Olsen twins become legal!

Drawing Attention



There was body art galore at the HUSTLER Hollywood store in Los Angeles, which hosted a signing of Bob Baxter's new book: *Tattoo Road Trip–California Cover Girls*. (Faithful readers of HUSTLER may recall getting a sneak peek of the female canvases in our December 2003 issue.) Several of the tattooed babes from the tome, including Amy Mullin, Kristen Judge and Patricia McDonough, were on hand to sign copies.

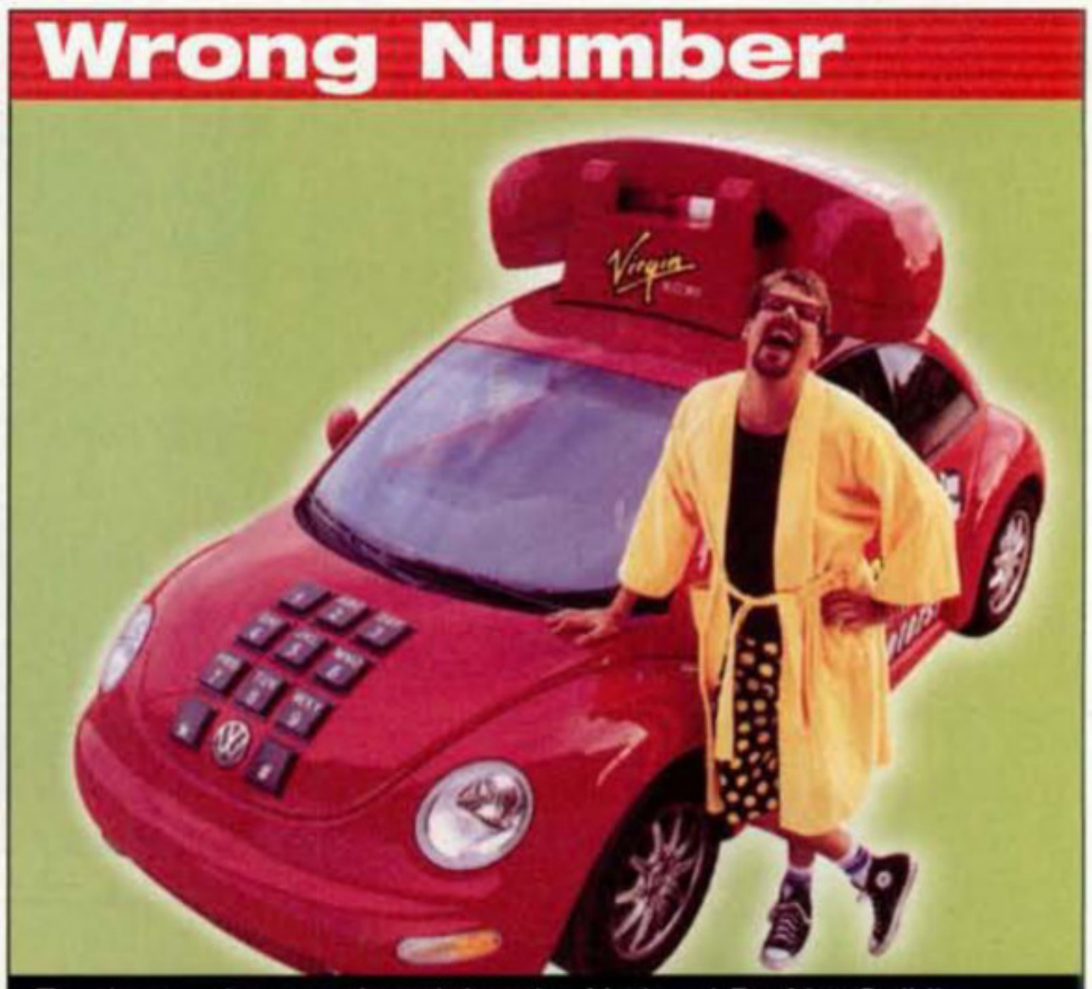
"A promiscuous person is someone who is getting more sex than you are." —VICTOR LOWNES



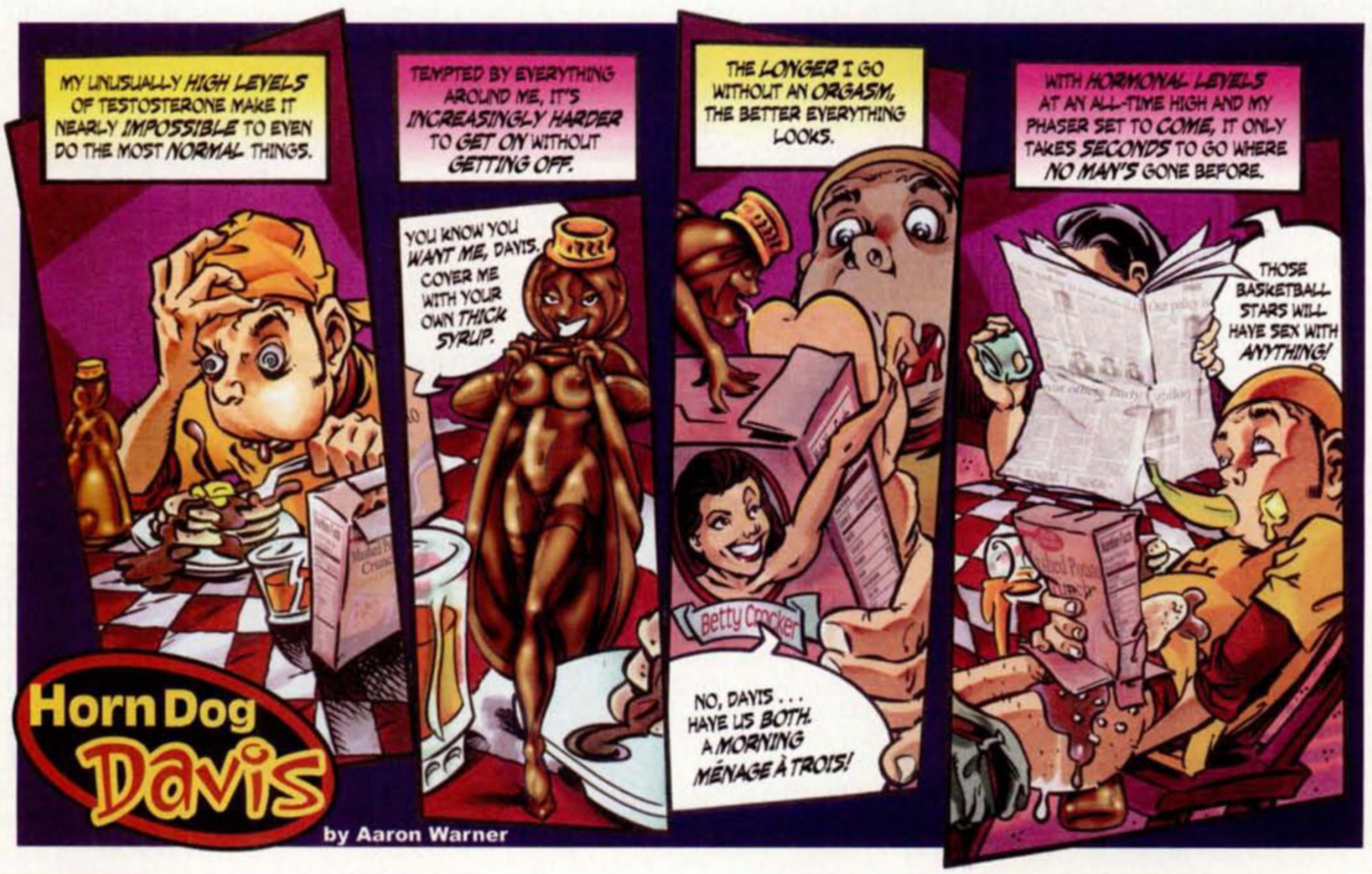
Swingers Swap Meet

In early August 2003, 2,000 horny couples descended on the Aladdin Hotel in Las Vegas for the Lifestyles 30th Anniversary Convention. The four-day swingers fest was more than just a good excuse to swap partners and boink strangers; there were also eyebrow-raising seminars such as "An Introduction to the Art and Science of Erotic Spanking" and "Vaginal Fisting and Female Genitorture." For those not into the brainy stuff, the Arabian Nights Costume Dance Party and the Ms. Lifestyles Beauty Contest provided ostensibly arousing entertainment. The chick action ranged from hot babes not wearing any underwear to heifers who clearly should have been. To experience the revelry firsthand, please go to **www.Lifestyles-Convention.com** or call **(714) 821-9953.**

Wrong Number



For those who are pissed that the National Do Not Call list doesn't have a death-penalty provision, Tom Mabe feels your pain. Mabe draws telephone salesmen into bizarre scenarios and records the calls; the best results are compiled on his two hilarious *Revenge on the Telemarketers* CDs. One of the juicier bits involves a caller soliciting charitable donations for the local sheriff's department, only to have Tom declare that he doesn't have time to talk because he's busy building a pipe bomb. His latest CD, *A Wake Up Call for Telemarketers*, features Tom calling up telemarketers in their hotel rooms in the dead of night during their annual convention in Washington, D.C. To get your taste of sweet revenge, please go to your local record store or visit **www.TomMabe.com**.



"Courtship to marriage: a very witty prologue to a very dull play." —WILLIAM CONGREVE

Governor Arnold Presses the Flesh

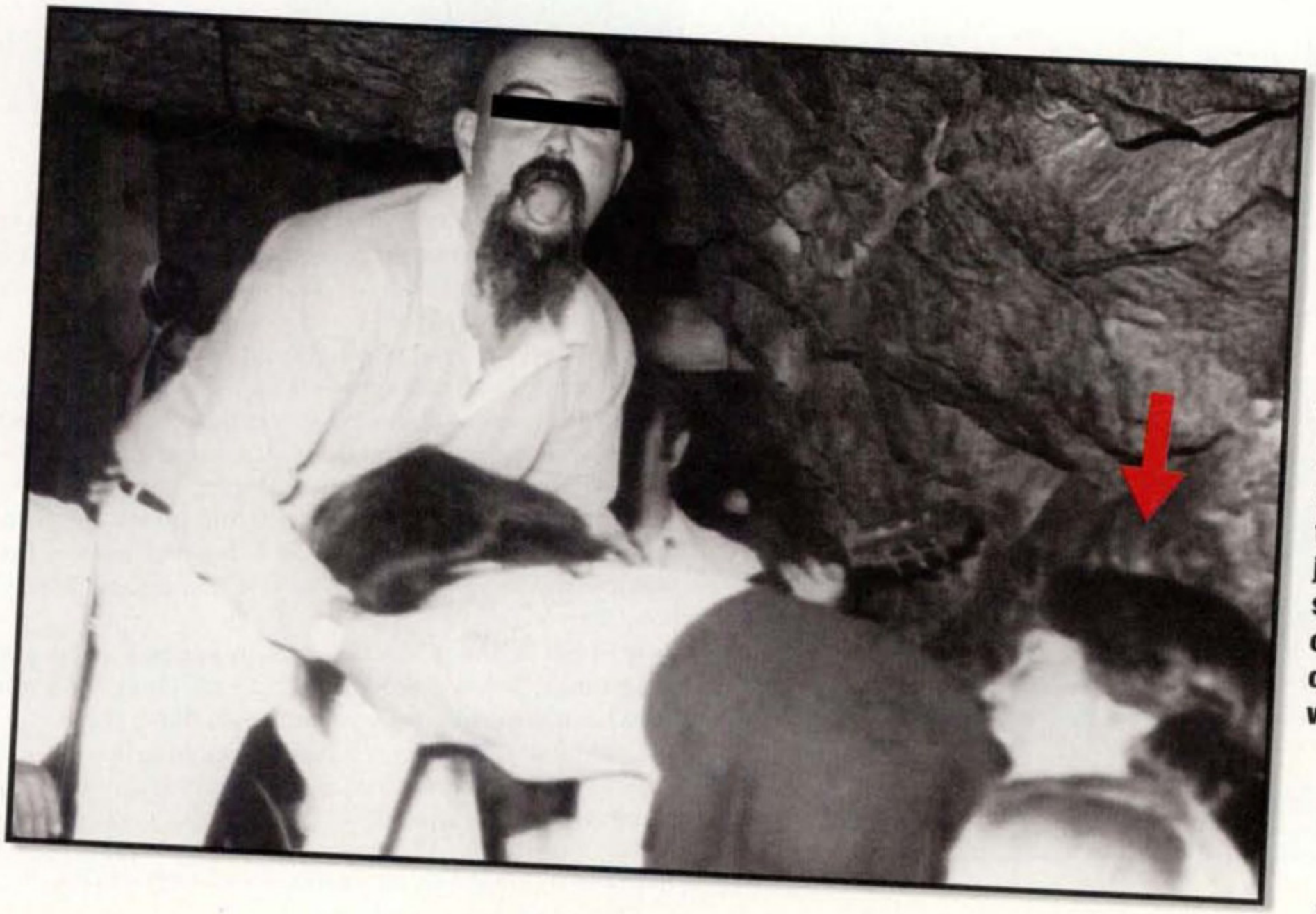


When Arnold Schwarzenegger announced he was running for governor in California's recall election, reports of his alleged womanizing and rowdy behavior on movie sets flooded the media faster than bad reviews for *Jingle All the Way*. After a critical *Los Angeles Times* story on his rumored groping, the Sperminator finally 'fessed up to "behaving badly" with women.

However, when pressed for specifics, Schwarzenegger said, "I don't remember things that I've done or said 20 years ago. I don't remember things that I've done 30 years ago." Well, Arnold, perhaps these pics will jog your memory. They were taken in the late '70s, around the time you were filming a goofy Western comedy, *The Villain*.



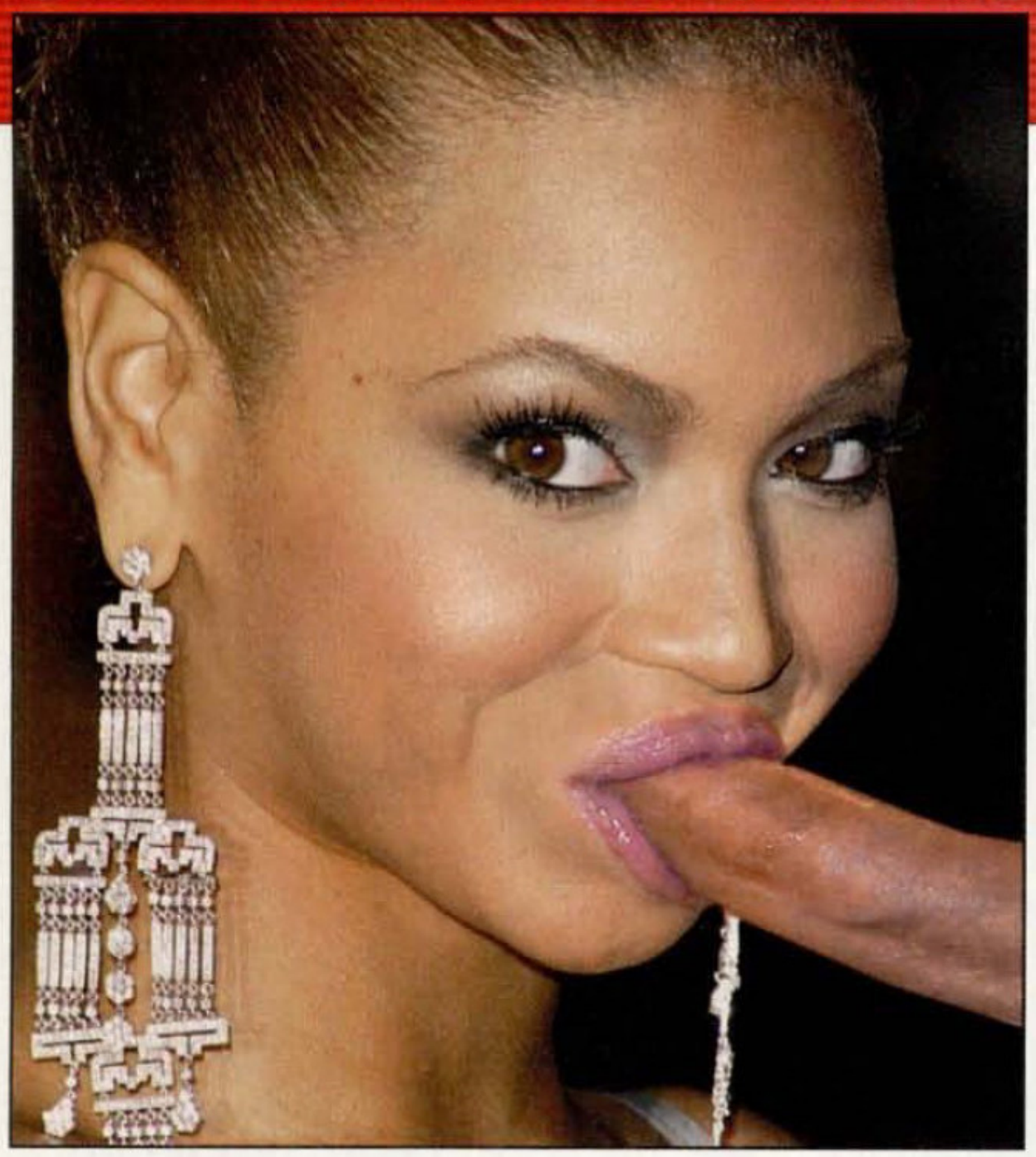
In what appears to be a restaurant, Arnold yucks it up with fellow movie folks and demonstrates his hands-on approach with future supporters. Could he be fingering one of the electorate?



We'd love to hear Maria Shriver's spin on this one; we can just hear her saying, "He's only chewing over his chances with the voter."

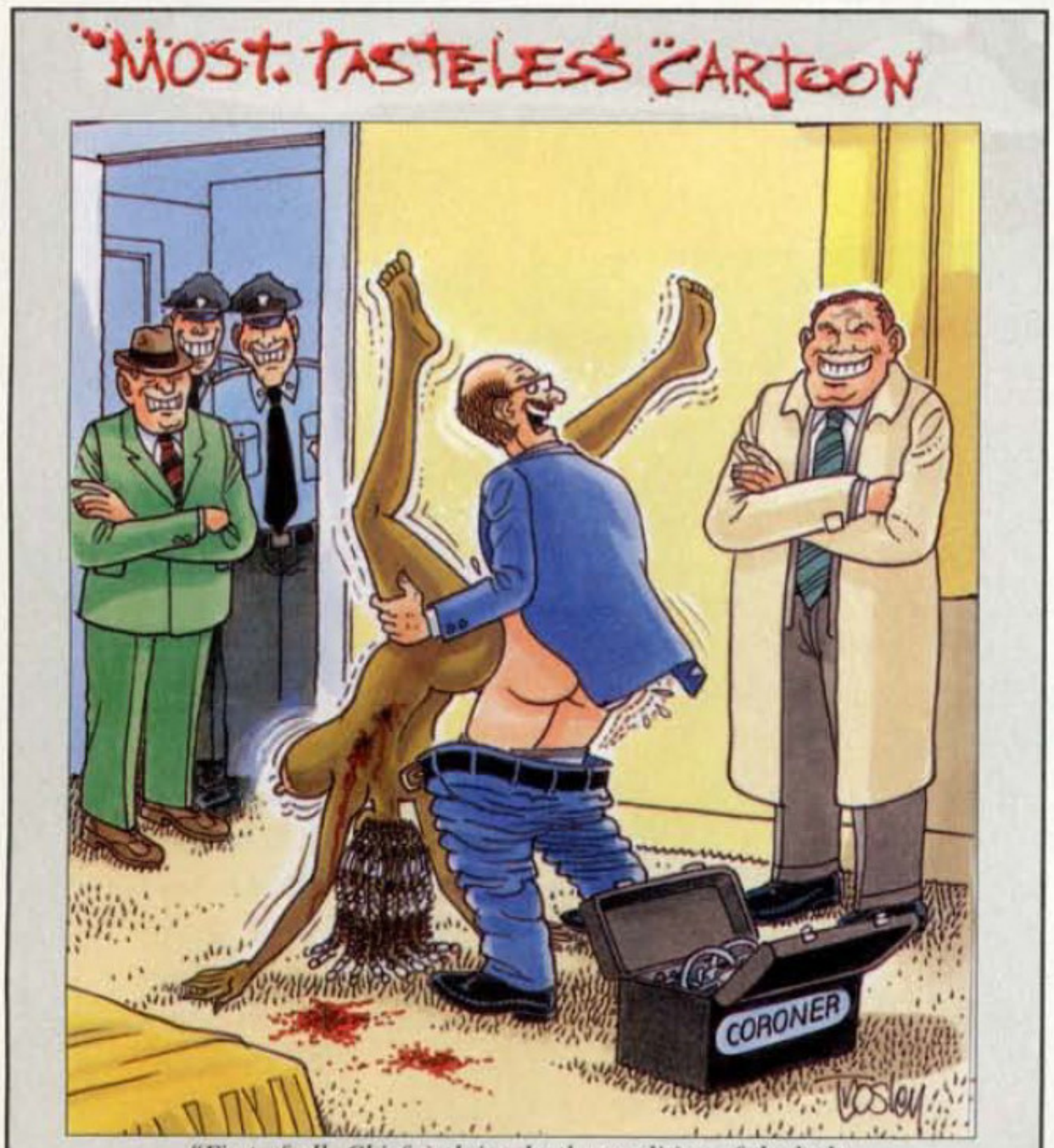
CELEBRITY FANTASY

What would Beyoncé Knowles look like with a dick in her mouth?



Beyoncé Knowles's song "Bootylicious" helped catapult the mocha-hued ball-bloater into musical fame, which led to leading roles in the movies *Austin Powers in Goldmember* and *The Fighting Temptations*. But these days, the girl who put "booty" into the national lexicon has done a 180 and says she hates the word. During an interview in which she wore a glittering diamond, ruby earrings and a matching bracelet, the 22-year-old said, "I'm getting older. I want my style to reflect that." Here's the style we'd like to see Beyoncé reflect.

Disclaimer: No such picture of Beyoncé Knowles exists. This is a social commentary on a sexy singer who is trying to pull a diva attitude.



"First of all, Chief, judging by the condition of the body, she hasn't been dead for long."



A Real Page Turner

This Month: *Crazy Sexy Hollywood* by Carlos Batts

What It Is: A collection of avant-garde pics of up-and-coming models/actresses and down-and-dirty porn stars (e.g., Sunrise Adams and Dascha) shot completely in the greater Los Angeles area. (Exotic!)

Why We Care: A smut photographer with an artistic sensibility, Carlos Batts takes readers on a bizarre bohemian tour of L.A.; and by bohemian, we mean hot, unhinged chicks using dildos, midgets, masturbation and bondage to gratify themselves and the reader.

Buzz: Batts's edgy style has landed him photo gigs with top musical acts including Snoop Dogg and Danzig; his pictures will be appearing in an upcoming John Waters film, *Dirty Shame*.

How to Get It: *Crazy Sexy Hollywood* is available at Virgin Megastores, Tower Records, HUSTLER Hollywood stores, **www.LastGasp.com** or by calling **(800) 366-5121**.

Bottom Line: *Crazy Sexy Hollywood* momentarily redeems Tinseltown for that *Gigli* crap. We're still keeping our finger on the button though.

"Is sex dirty? Only if it's done right." —WOODY ALLEN

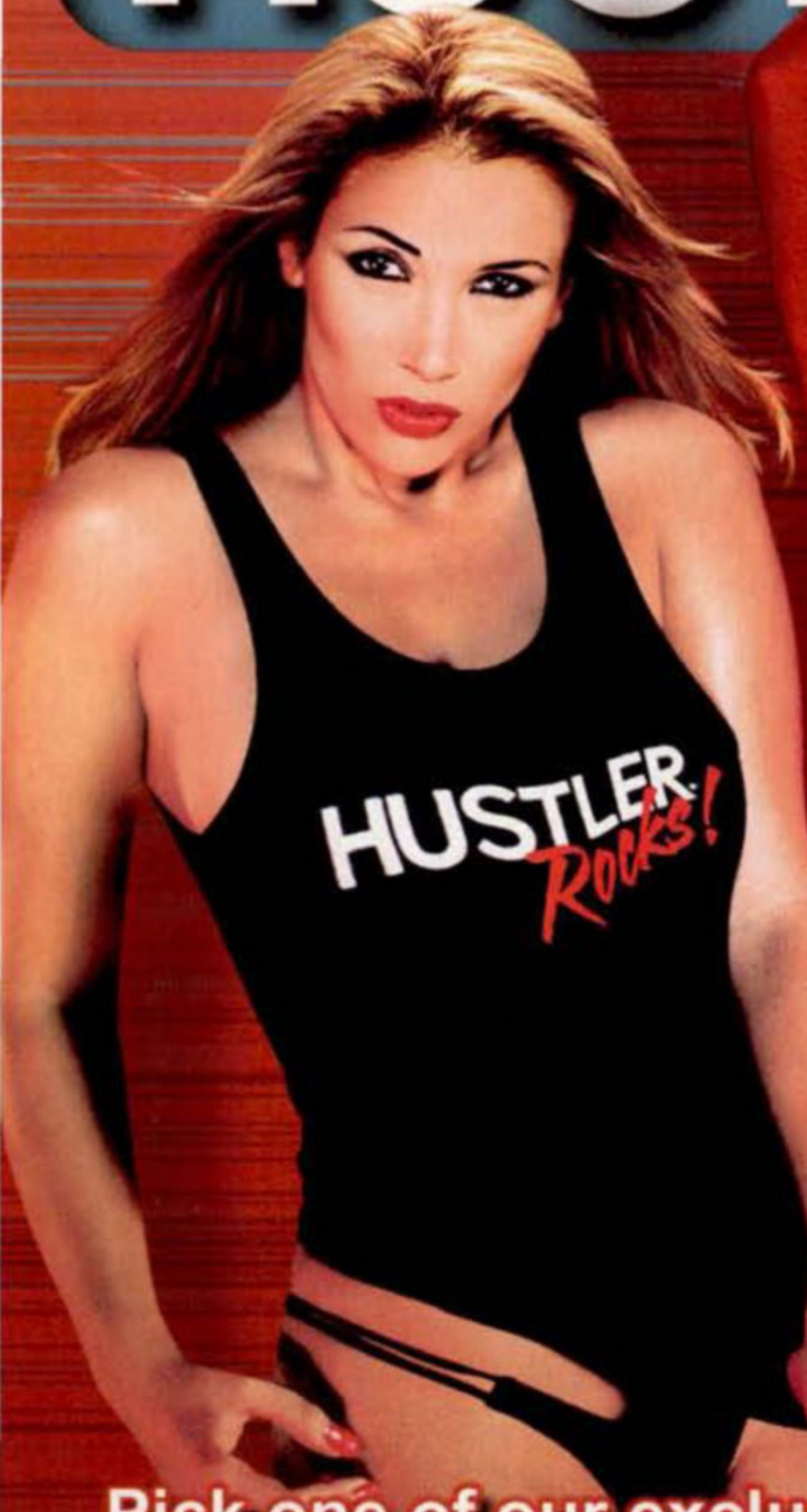
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"Well, fuck me—he does have a sexual-assault permit!"

Nancy Ann is a sexologist and freelance writer contributing insights on the latest sexual techniques, sex toys, and supplemental enhancements in the U.S, Canada, and Europe.



Give Her a Cum-Drenching the ultimate fuck She'll Never Forget

By Nancy Ann

Learning "The Ropes"...

I'd like to share a letter from a reader, about a secret that makes sex absolutely explosive (literally!).

Amy writes:
Nancy, my boyfriend has always been able to satisfy me sexually. With an ample cock-size, average endurance, and creative oral technique, he almost never fails to get me off. But what I experienced the night he returned home from a business trip in Europe was the surprise of my life—a fucking I will never forget, and an orgasm that no man before him has ever come close to equaling.

Since I love to suck cock, the second my boyfriend dropped his luggage I stripped off his clothes and proceeded to please him with my best welcome-home blowjob.

Before long my wet mouth had him pumping gob after hot gob down my throat and on my face. With a fistful of throbbing cock, I held on for dear life as he unloaded his sweet jism; these were "power throbs" that kept launching massive amounts of come. I've never seen anything like it—a man having a multiple! I was so totally turned on being nearly drowned with his super-human load. And it didn't stop there! He stayed erect, throwing me down on the floor and pounding my twat until we both had simultaneous, earth-shattering orgasms, practically causing both of us to pass out. The rest of the evening and throughout the week we fucked ourselves into a frenzy; his recovery time between these supercharged orgasms was that of a teenage boy.

Since that mind-blowing night, all I can think of is sucking and fucking my new "power lover" all hours of the day and night. Finally, curiosity got the best of me, so I asked what had turned him into such a fuck machine. His answer: He had learned "The Ropes."

Turns out my boyfriend had spent an evening in Europe with a Swedish nutritionist and his wife of 20 years. The couple was openly sexual and couldn't keep their hands off each other, so my boyfriend asked them their secret. The nutritionist explained he regularly took a natural supplement, and gave my boyfriend about a month's supply, telling him it would teach him "the ropes" of great sex.



The supply is about to run out, and we want to know where we can buy this incredible enhancement. Do you know if this product is available in the States?

Amy B.
Dallas, Texas

Amy, you and the rest of my readers are in luck, because it just so happens I do know about "the ropes," and the supplement your boyfriend's Swedish nutritionist friend likely shared.

The physical contractions and fluid release during male orgasm can be multiplied and intensified by using a product called Serogen. It's a natural, pure extract specially formulated to trigger better, more powerful orgasmic experiences in men. The best part, from a woman's perspective, is that the motion and experience a man can achieve with Serogen can help stimulate a strong female orgasm.

The term the Swedish nutritionist used is actually fairly common slang for the effect your boyfriend experienced. The enhanced contractions and heightened orgasmic release are often referred to as "ropes" because of the rope-like effect of release during climax.

As far as finding this enhancement in the States, I know of just one importer—Somalab. If you are interested, you can contact the company toll-free at 1-866-SOM-A-LAB or visit the Web site www.somalab.net. Serogen is an all-natural, herbal-derived tablet. Most people I've spoken with have said that just taking three a day has led to the roping effect Amy describes in her letter.

Nancy Ann

Nancy Ann

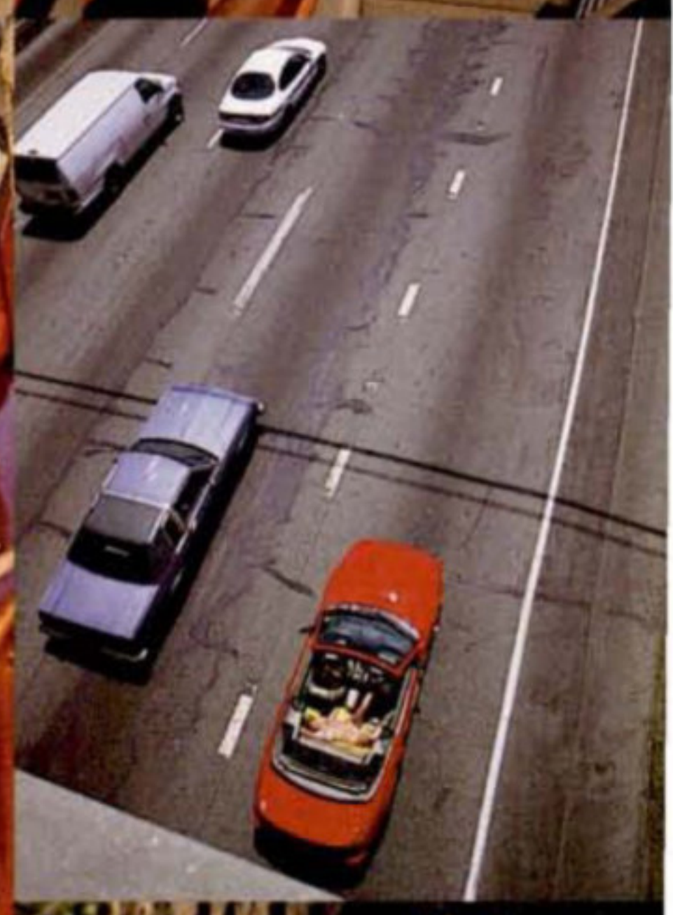
FILL HER UP

MONIQUE ALEXANDER AND LOLANA

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT







Monique and Lolana have a favorite pastime. They like to slip into skimpy bikinis, gas up their convertible, cruise the highway and taunt truckers with their hot bods.









On this particular afternoon, the girls didn't see any big rigs on the freeway, but they did spend a lot of time checking out each other's curves. Pulling off the freeway for some XXX roadside assistance, Monique donned her trusty strap-on and drove straight into Lolana's tight tunnel.



Lolana returned the favor by giving her curvaceous cohort a tune-up with her tongue. Like average female drivers, the two teases rear-ended each other repeatedly throughout the afternoon.



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"Dr. Wilson used to be with the Globetrotters!"



"He doesn't get off sexually on guys peeping at his wife. He just likes making a killing on the concessions!"



"Naw, this Lavonia—and the onliest thing I know about sex is I ain't gettin' any!"

"Looks like another hit by the Polish mafia."

BORED IN THE U.S.A.

By Sharon Bass

The candid revelations of three housewives and one guy seeking fun and excitement on live chat lines.

Calls to LIVE chat lines are at EXPLOSIVE LEVELS from HOUSEWIVES looking for fun, and wanting to talk to guys (married or not) about anything and everything. We found three women and one guy who frequent a very popular chat line called **1-800-WIFE-CHAT** and asked them why they are turning to a phone line for sex. Not surprisingly, the answer to our questions seemed to lead down one common path each time - Uninhibited, Instantaneous SEX, anytime, anywhere.

It's Friday night, "Susan's" husband is away on a business trip and her pussy is dripping wet with no one to satisfy her. Does she reach for the vibrator again? No, first, she picks up the phone and calls **1-800-WIFE-CHAT** looking for a man that will make her come over and over again.

"I get so lonely. and bored. Weekends and evenings are so hard on me, so I fix it fast, by finding a horny guy on the chat line who's...REALLY HARD and ready for me!" exclaims "Susan". She continues, "Calling the chat line for no-holes-barred sex talk is a necessity, it's become part of my evening routine."

I GET SO BORED AND LONELY

"Stephanie" will be the first to tell you she has an insatiable need for sex. "My husband is a great guy but he can't keep up with me." she says. "I call **1-800-WIFE-CHAT** about 4 times a week. It's free for me, and luckily, Daniel (husband) sort of looks the other way. It works for both of us, I get a different guy when I want and he gets to sleep through the night."

As "Stephanie" spins her wedding band around her finger she admits, "Just cuz I'm married doesn't mean I can't have sex chat with anonymous guys." she says. "It (being married) adds another level of excitement to calling the chat line."



"Stephanie", (married 5 yrs) in Florida admits, "The chat line feeds my continuous need for sex. My husband just can't keep up with me."

UNINHIBITED, INSTANTANEOUS SEX, ANYTIME ANYWHERE!

"I'm a realtor so I'm always working. Scheduling sex with my husband just doesn't work for me. I've been calling the live chat lines for eight months." claims "Kim".



Spontaneous live chat sessions are common in "Kim's" hectic life as a Realtor. "When I want it, I want it NOW! I'm always on the phone so I can get away with it very easily."

"I came five times on one call....while in my car!"

"I admit, when I first called I was nervous, but this guy had me rubbing my clit within minutes. Needless to say, it made me so hot, I've been calling ever since. I can't get enough of talking about sex, some might say I'm addicted to it."

"Kim" says she's made many new "friends" since calling **1-800-WIFE-CHAT**. "I actually met one guy for an innocent lunch which made our future calls with him even hotter. It seemed liked I was cheating....but I wasn't. Talk about having your cake and eating it too!

100% REAL HOUSEWIVES

"Yeah, I was skeptical about the girls on chat lines." Says "Will" computer programmer by day, chat line stud by night.

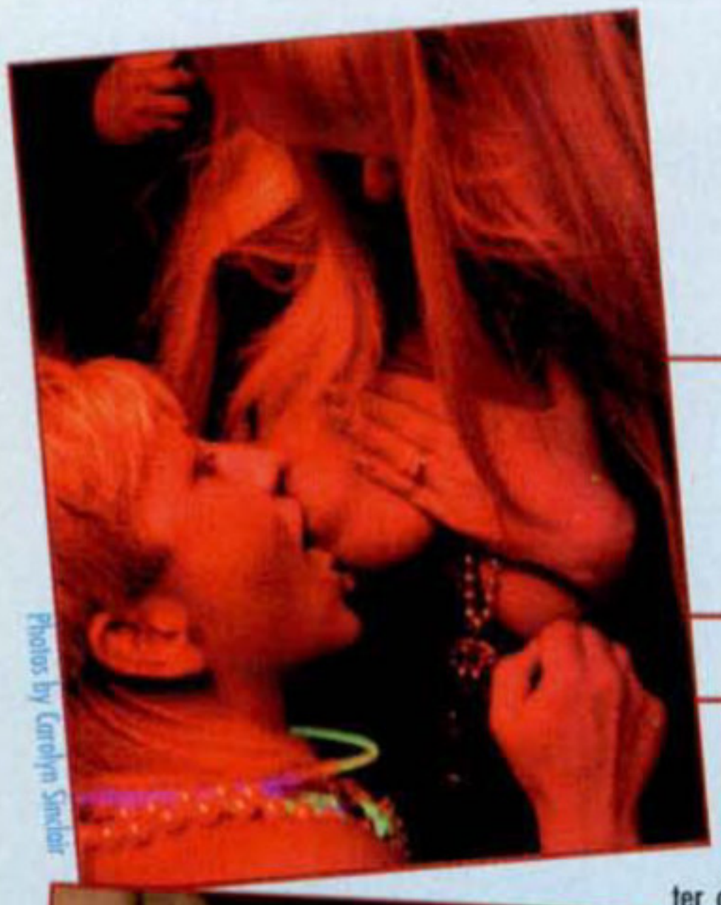
"Turns out, **1-800-WIFE-CHAT** is the REAL deal, they're 100% real married chicks, no actresses like other chat lines. I was surprised by how many wives liked to talk sex for hours." Will exclaims. "Some of these chicks can't get enough of me. It only cost's me $1.99 a minute and I get to fuck as many married women as I want!"

> "No actresses like other chat lines."

Warning - **1-800-WIFE-CHAT (1-800-943-3242)** is an adult community designed to connect Horny Men with Bored Housewives for explicit adult chat and is intended for people 18 or older only.

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The Testicle Festival



Photos by Carolyn Sinclair





Every year, thousands of freaks gather in Montana to party naked and munch on bull nuts. PETA's worst nightmare is the revelers' gonadal bliss.

Eating Balls With Carolyn Sinclair

Under the red glow of a neon Budweiser sign, two blondes lick and suck each other in the center of a dense crowd of rowdy drunks. Seeing the girls insert fingers should be distraction enough, but I'm preoccupied, nervous that soon I'll be tasting balls for the first time.

HUSTLER has sent me to the 21st Annual Testicle Festival, outside of Clinton, Montana, to check out depravity in America's heartland. Each September, more than 10,000 frat boys, coeds, cowboys, bikers and yuppies congregate at the Rock Creek Lodge to celebrate their love for Rocky Mountain Oysters, a euphemism for deep-fried bull testicles. In addition to the carnal cuisine, the festival is a balls-out brew binge, an excuse for locals and tourists to suck down 160 cases of booze and 1,400 cases of beer in five days.

Though apprehensive about eating animal testicles, I'm inspired by vodka and a desire to see why this single bar in the Podunkiest part of Montana inspires ordinary folks to strip naked, fondle strangers publicly and engage in acts generally reserved for skin flicks.



Animal Husbandry

A pretty blonde is soaking-wet after being sprayed down by a giant wooden dick on the end of a water hose. She's on a stage that looks like a gallows platform above a sea of upturned faces. To the tribal-rhythm chant of "bea-ver, bea-ver, bea-ver," she's urged to strip off her wet jeans, bend over and spread. She does, and the crowd responds with an admiring roar.

While wet T-shirt contests are nothing unusual, the Testy Festy offers a variety of events that show off its unique virility. The body-painting contest inspires an orange handjob and lots of purple ass-smacking. The hairy-chest contest leads to feats including teabagging, the flaunting of hairy buttholes and a flabby trucker getting head to the crowd's taunts.

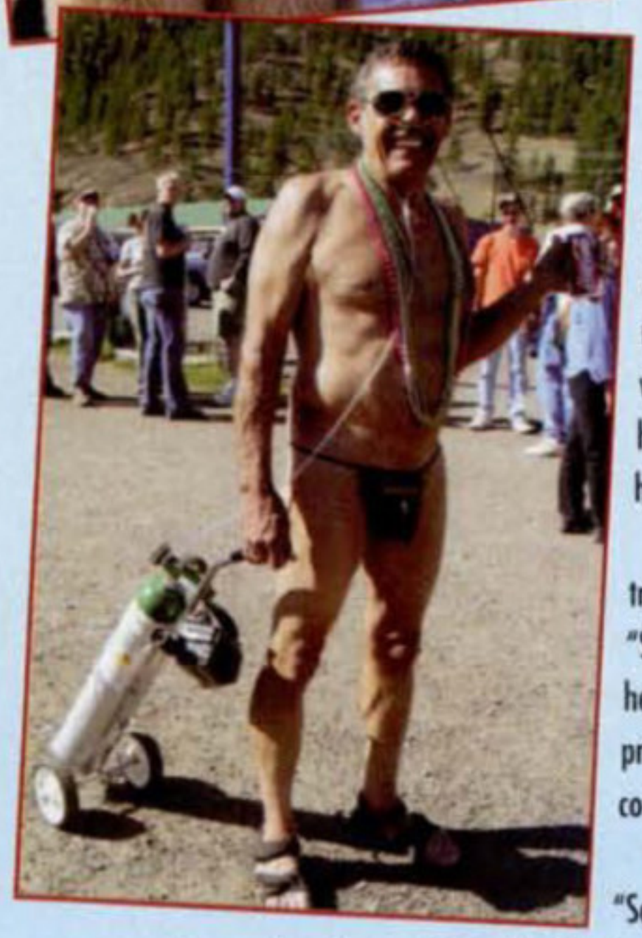
To find out why this party is so unabashedly raunchy, I inquire at the source. Dr. Rod Lincoln, a former school-district superintendent, is the brains behind the balls. Twenty-two years ago he got divorced, bought a bar and cooked up the idea for the Testicle Festival. Every year, the attendance numbers swell, and the party gets more extravagant.











Separate from the raunchy festivities, Lincoln remains inconspicuous, tucked away in the bar. In the late evening, when the party is loud and well-sauced, the good doctor is hunched and chain-smoking over his signature staple of whiskey and water. "The people are really the party," Lincoln says. "Even though I own the bar, I'm not the one who makes the party work."

Instead of explanations, he makes plenty of introductions. I meet some kindly regulars, including one woman who brought her two sons and elderly mother. It warms my heart to see three generations bonding at the Testy Festy.

Later in the night, I watch the elderly woman clapping off-beat to the music as some grinning young lad strips off his skivvies and helicopters his wang to her delight.

Next, I meet Alan "Crazy Al" Eddy of Otis Orchard, Washington, who's been a regular for 19 years and helps out with security patrols. He dishes dirt about couples boinking on the bar and his having to escort them out, and he rattles off a list of the famous and infamous who have attended: a sports star I've never heard of, a senator, a congressman and one girl he'll never forget.

"Back in 1996, this gal climbed in the cattle trailer where the animals are," Eddy recalls. "She proceeded to give a couple of the critters head. She gave them a Goddamn blowjob. The president of the Hell's Angels called me over and complained that the girl was grossing him out."

When I look at him suspiciously, he continues. "Seriously. I can tell you where she lives. I made sure to get her number. She was into animal husbandry or bestiality or whatever. I didn't have the fortitude to tell her to stop. I was that embarrassed."

Fishnets, String Cheese and Dirty Dick

Live punk rock on the outdoor stage inspires a mosh pit. The tumbling bodies of cowgirls float on a sea of groping, outstretched hands. A violent surge from the crowd knocks over a microphone stand and nearly takes out the bassist's teeth. There is nothing erotic about a drunken mosh pit; so I'm confused as to why, just beyond it, a compact vortex of bodies has formed, indicating that, deep in the middle, someone's being poked, licked or sucked.

I'm tiny and nimble enough to maneuver underneath the legs of the voyeurs and snap a few photos of a girl on her knees tonguing a girl wearing torn fishnet stockings. The gal on the receiving end of the cunnilingus smiles when she sees me; the other is engaged and oblivious.

Later in the evening, the smiling girl invites me into her RV with her friend. An entourage of men has followed us and is keeping vigil outside, eager to see some threeway lesbian action. When we're alone, she confides that she's just gotten out of jail and that she and her "wife" want to start a XXX Web site. Despite a dodgy past, she's cool, and I dictate my e-mail address, which she writes on a wrinkled $20 bill. As the horndogs wait for us to get it on, the ex-con feeds me string cheese. Thanks to a gracious jail babe in fishnets, I manage to dodge eating balls for a little while longer.

Later that night, I'm surrounded by pandemonium, beer-swilling and ball-munching when I meet Tim Jabs and Toni Turner, nudists from Spokane, Washington. Because of the crisp weather, the couple's half-dressed: She's only topless, and he's sporting a leather vest and a cock ring.

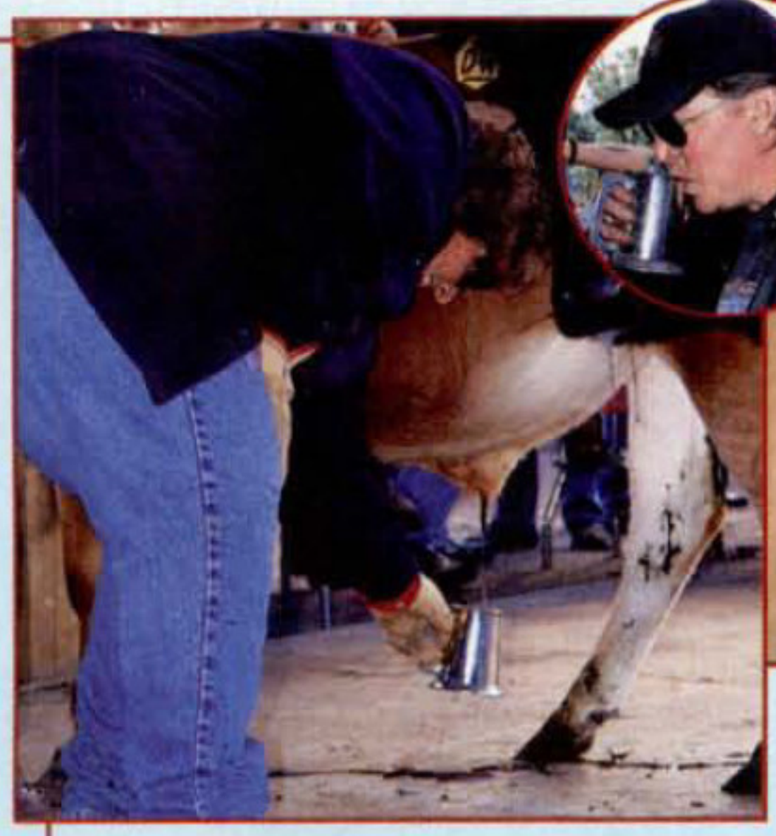
In addition to being highly visible, the couple is notorious for stirring up the party. "Last year, Rod [Lincoln] told me to quit giving Tim blowjobs because people weren't bellying up to the bar to buy drinks,"















Turner laments. "So I had to be good."

Tonight they're also being good, only encouraging ladies to autograph Jabs's enormous dick with a black marker. By evening's end, most everyone has signed or been signed; Jabs has collected so many smudgy John Hancocks that his cock just looks dirty. Turner says that later she'll be using plenty of baby oil to get that off.

Washing Down the Balls

D. D. "Bullshit Bitch" Woldtvedt is decked-out in black leather boots and a miniskirt for the very special occasion of waiting for a bull to shit. She's the woman in charge of the festival's Bullshit Bingo games, which entail buying a square on the floor of the pen and letting the bull's next bowel movement determine who wins.

Mark "Hambone" Hamblin, 33, of Deer Lodge, Montana, makes the fecal bingo matches seem rather tame. He has a special pewter stein that he uses only at the festival. When nature calls, the handler fills up Hambone's stein to the brim with fresh bull piss. The rowdy crowd falls silent watching Hambone down the whole stein of hot bovine fluid. The last few swallows spill down his chest and belly, onto the bar. Twice, the bull pisses, and both times Hambone drinks the whole thing down. Then he gets biblically philosophical, declaring, "My cup runneth over."

Hambone's pulled this stunt for the past three years. Woldtvedt refers to him simply as "Dumbshit."

Call me a prude, but I don't want to talk to anyone who just drank piss until after he's brushed his teeth or at least eaten something. Instead, I chat up Hambone's father, who's looking on, grinning near the bull pen. "I'm proud of my son for most things," says the elder Hamblin. "I wouldn't want to follow in his footsteps, although it would be kind of hard."

At this point, he lifts up his leg to show me that he's got a peg leg—not some prosthetic job, but an actual piece of wood.

Besides repulsing women, what are some other drawbacks of chugging piss? "He hates to belch. It's a bitch," Daddy Hambone says. I want to ask hard questions about Hambone's childhood, about possible abuse in the family home. Instead I ask, "How does one warm up before drinking hot bull piss?"

The answer: "Bloody Mary. No breakfast."

Flaming Assholes

In the lodge dining hall, I sit with rowdy bikers gorging on testicles and swapping dirty stories. Between the vodka and good-natured persuasion, they convince me to sample the "tendergroin."

I expect the balls to be the size and shape of Cadbury eggs. Instead, they look like long McNuggets. They're marinated in Pabst Blue Ribbon, triple-breaded, deep-fried and served with ranch dressing.

The verdict? They taste like anything else that's been deep-fried. They're crunchy on the outside, chewy in the middle and, yes, they taste like chicken.

With a bellyful of balls, the first thing I notice is that I can drink more. Next, I notice a middle-aged blonde at the bar, proudly showing off the erect dick tattooed on her breast. That's when I develop a theory: Eating testicles turns women into perverts and men into morons.

I walk outside, and immediately witness evidence to support my hypothesis: a cultural phenomenon so strange, it deserves further study. They call it "fire dancing." Two guys stuff toilet paper up their asses, light the trailing end on fire and run around shrieking until the flames die out.

My last day in Montana, the nudists have invited me to their tent for pepper steak and three-bean salad. As my body recovers from festival excess, my mind gains clarity. This party is not about the bar or its main course; it's really about the celebration of freedom to cut loose without consequence. It's about breaking away from the stifling workaday life and pushing boundaries. It's about exercising your Constitutional right—nay, duty—to set your ass aflame and quaff a mug of bull piss. Where else would you have the opportunity to create statues out of moose droppings and eat pig-ovary pie?

Turner, who is naked and wrapped Ghandi-style in a blanket, sums it up: "Everything is legal here except public copulation and murder."

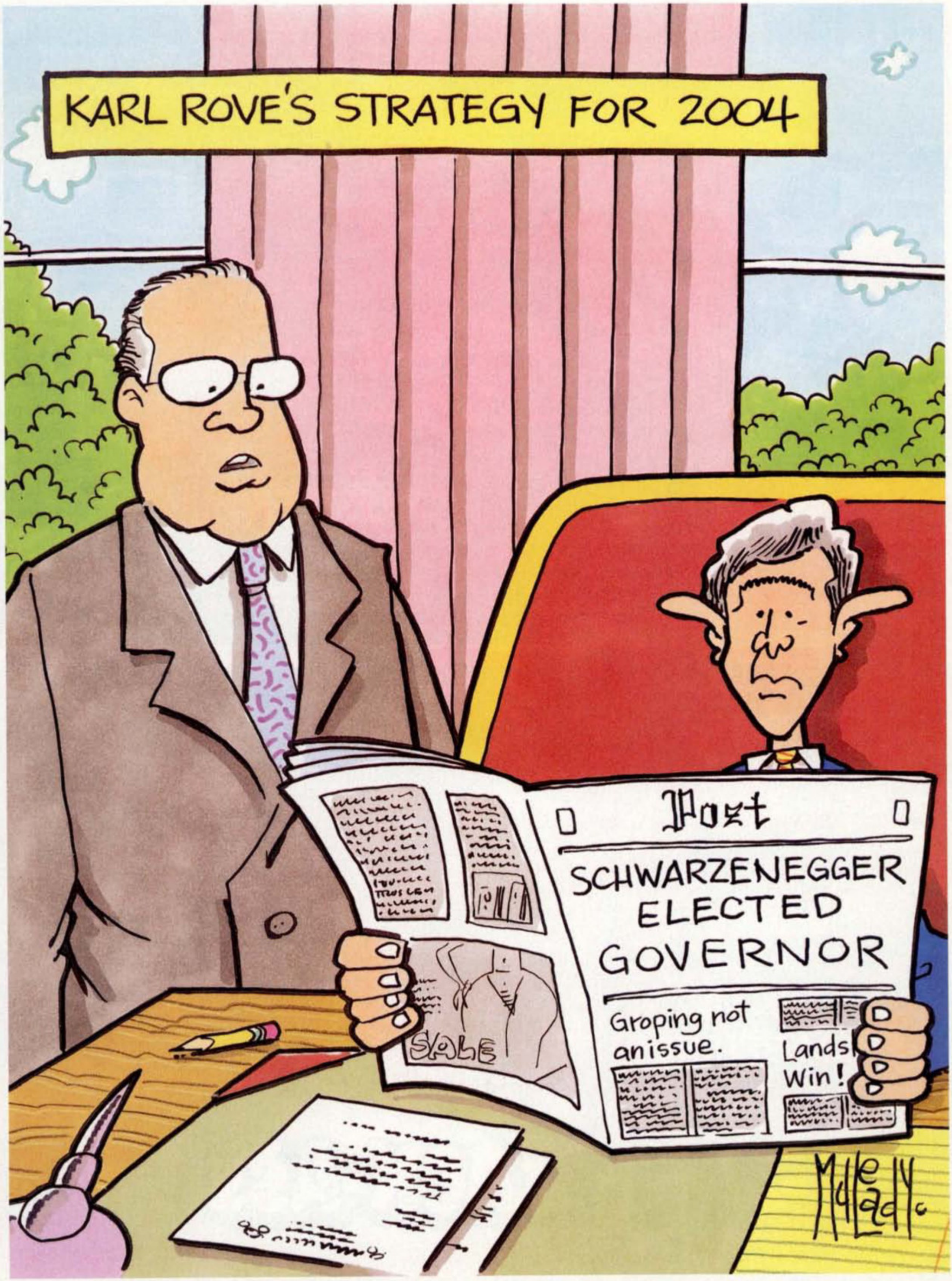
But perhaps a cowboy I overheard sitting at a bar puts it more aptly: "The festival is just an excuse to get naked and jump in a pile."

* * *

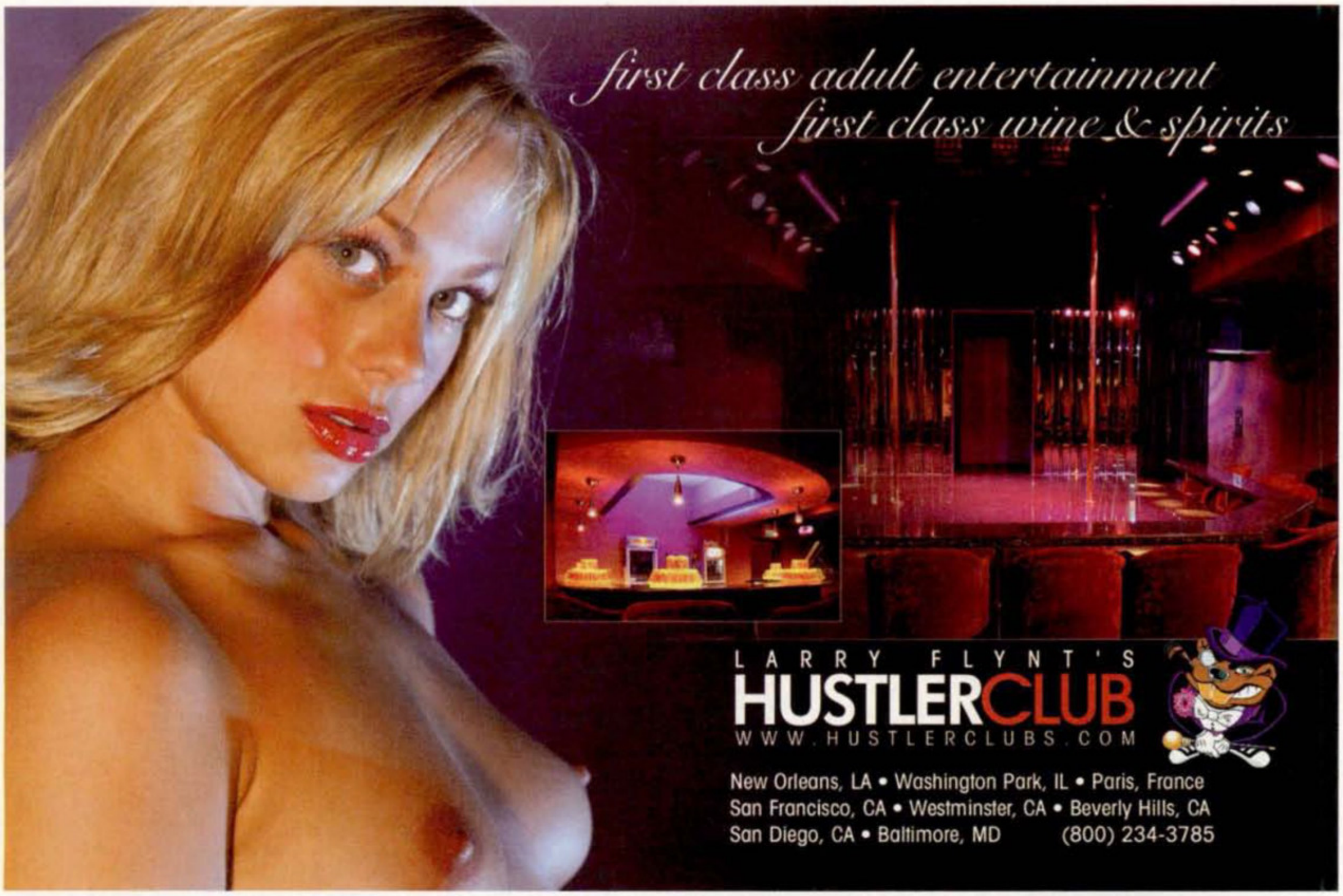
Los Angeles-based adventure writer Carolyn Sinclair has contributed to *Los Angeles Daily News*, *POZ* and *Los Angeles Family*. She's also traveled with prostitutes and been a performance artist in central France.



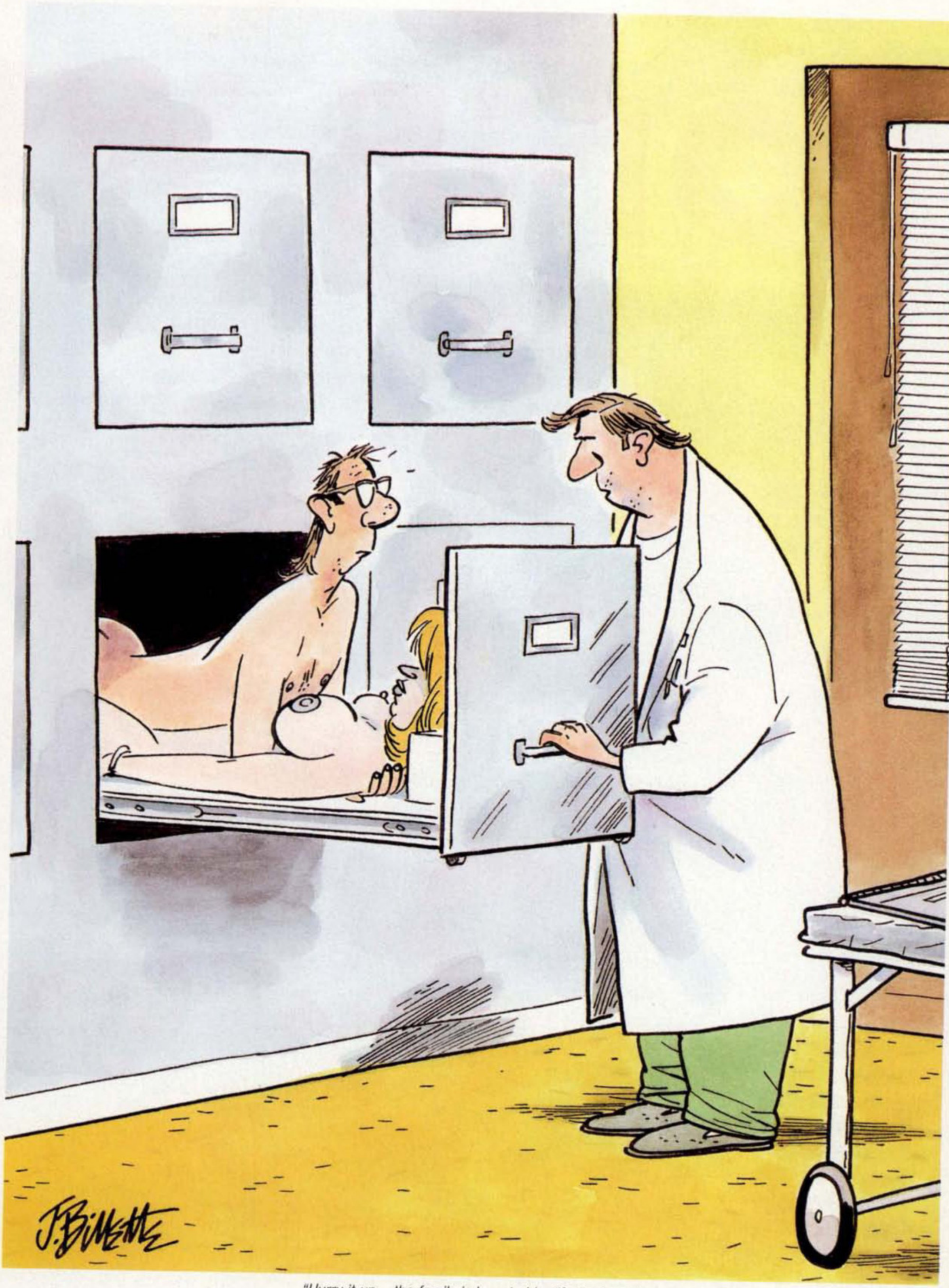
"You know, now that the Supreme Court has said this is legal, some of the thrill is gone."



"I suggest you hit the campaign trail and start groping some tit, Mr. President."


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"Hurry it up—the family is here to identify the body."

HOME WR

Pantera was born behind the Iron Curtain in Moscow, Russia. At the tender age of 14, her father passed away; so she joined a local circus to support her family. Drawing on her experience as a gymnast, she worked as an acrobat under the big top for two years.

RECKER

PANTERA

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL BISCO





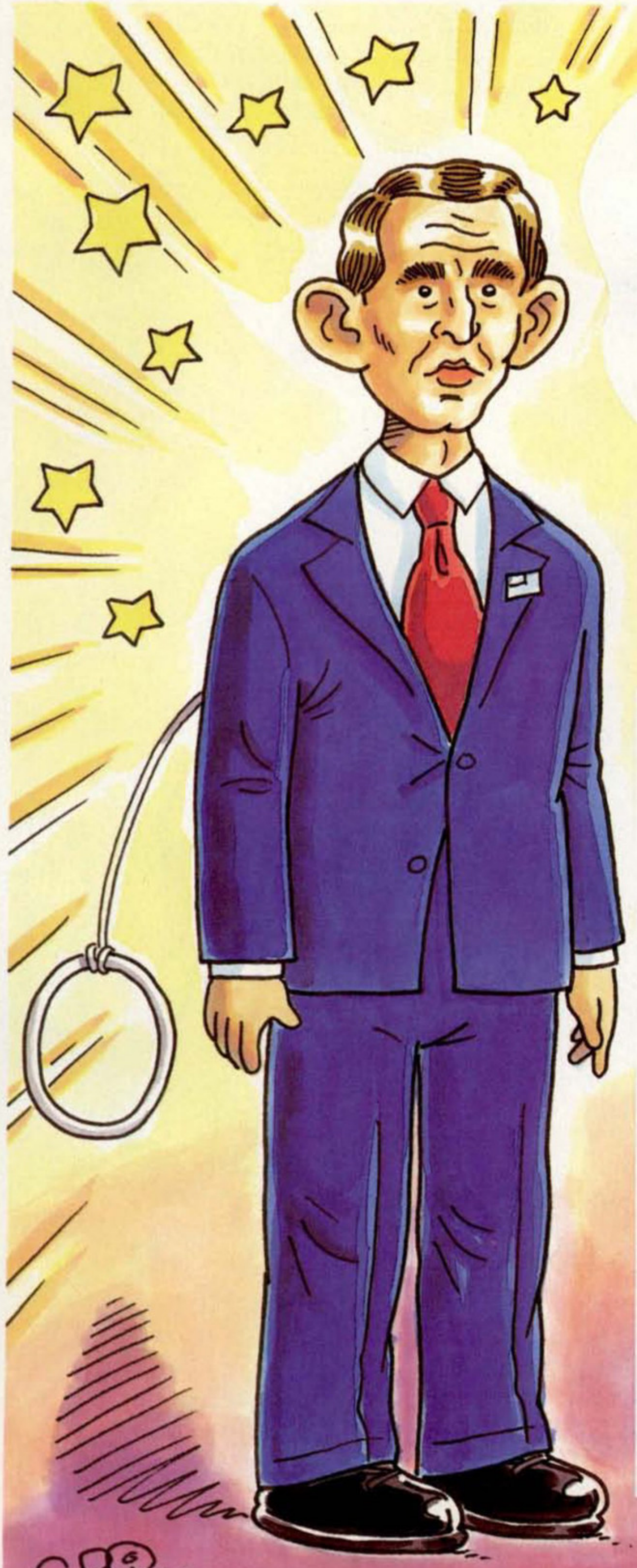
Pantera moved to the U.S. in her twenties, first to sunny Florida, then to sandy Las Vegas. "I don't miss the cold winters back in Moscow," the 25-year-old beauty laughs. These days the Aries divides her time between modeling and Web design. She says she prefers men 20 years older than herself, which leaves hope for us old guys who've lived through the Cold War.


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Chipping Away at YOUR PRIVACY

Report by Ryan Singel

Soon, microchips may be implanted in your clothes and pretty much anything else you buy. Corporations and possibly the government will literally be in your pants.

It's often said that the clothes you wear say a lot about you. Thanks to miniature chips sewn into your clothing, your wardrobe will soon say a lot more. In fact, your button-down shirt can tell those with the right equipment your name, how much you paid for your shirt, and where and when you bought it.

The chips, called radio frequency identification devices (RFIDs), are a high-tech replacement for UPC symbols. The technology is already in wide use. Fast-pass toll-collection systems use playing-card-size devices mounted on a car's windshield to allow drivers to pay bridge and road tolls without slowing down. Veterinarians commonly implant readable chips the size of a rice grain into the necks of dogs and cats so lost pets can be returned to their owners.

Now retailers want a piece of the new technology. Recently, Benetton, the Italian clothier with 5,000 stores globally, placed an order for 15 million specialized radio chips, which they will sew into every piece of clothing they sell. The chips will allow the store to track every garment from production to purchase and beyond, since Benetton does not plan to disable the chips after purchase.

RFIDs don't store much data on their own. In fact, the tiny chips don't even have a battery, just an antenna. Scanners send out radio waves that a chip simply reflects back with its unique ID number enclosed.

The scanner sends that number to a central database, which then relays back to the scanner all the information the company knows about that product. That information is limited only by what manufacturers care to put in the database—which can include date of manufacture, delivery date, the price paid, the kind of payment used and even the ID numbers of other products bought by the same person or worn at the time of purchase.

But RFID companies dream bigger. Eighty-eight different RFID companies founded the Auto-ID Center at MIT in 1999 with the modest goal of "creating an open global network that can identify anything, anywhere, automatically."

The implications of such information-sharing would be staggering.

In the future, as you walk down the street, your shoes, your glasses, the books in your bag, your socks and, perhaps later down the line, your driver's license, will be indiscriminately screaming data about you, but on a frequency only a computer system can hear.

It sounds like a bad science-fiction movie, but every single component of that system—the scanners, the RFIDs, the scoring software and the distributed databases—already exists. The only barrier is the price of the tags. Currently, each tag costs at least 30 cents, and industry analysts say the price must fall to five cents before retailers start switching over.

That moment is almost here. Gillette ordered 500 million tags at ten cents a piece in January and has already run a test program in Brockton, Massachusetts.

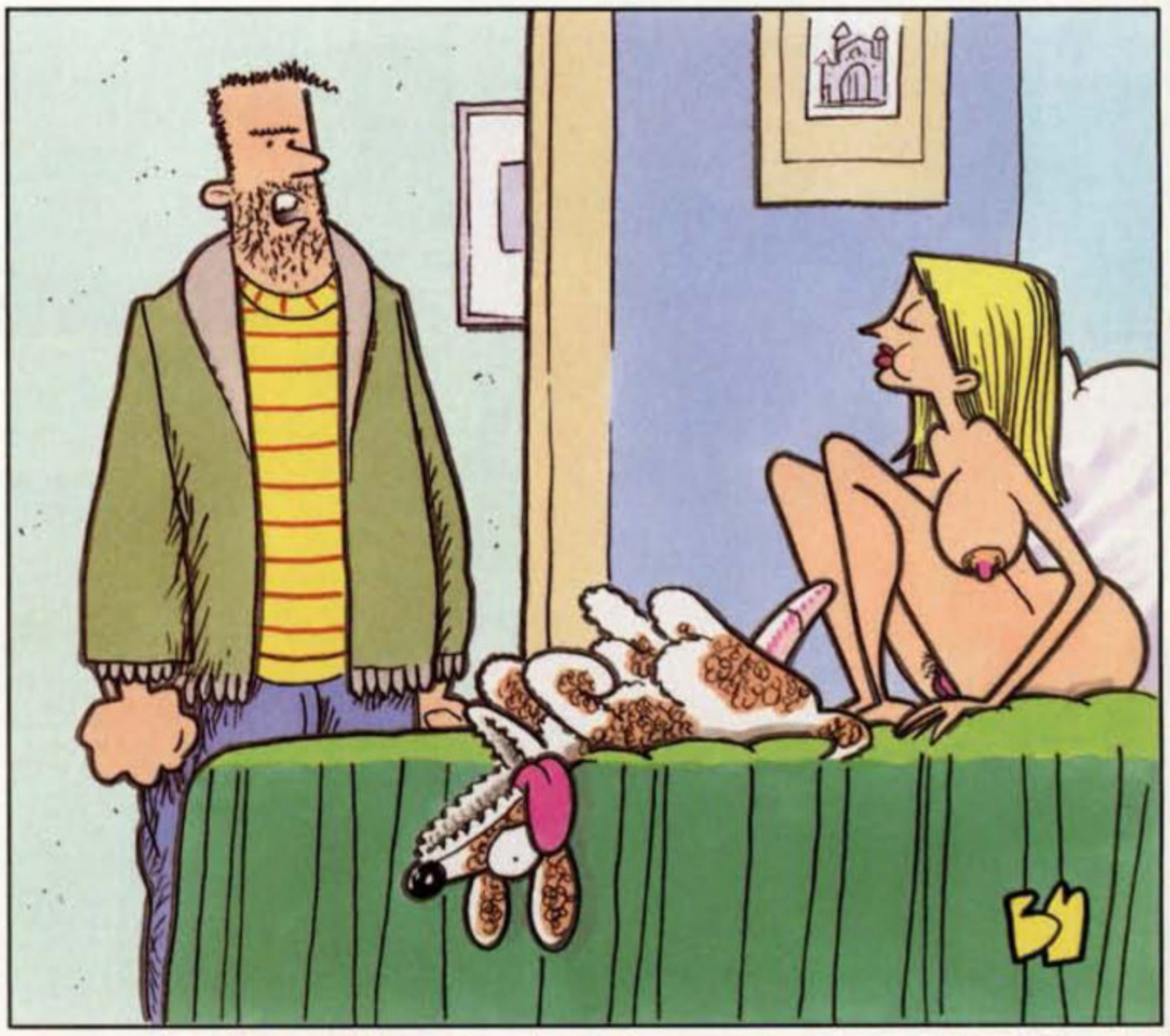
The cost to Americans in terms of civil liberties could be substantially higher. Privacy advocates are already concerned about the technology's implications.

What would stop the FBI from coming into your house and, in a two-minute walk-through, recording every item you own, including those hidden out of sight?

Lee Tien of the Electronic Frontier Foundation only half-jokingly worries that he will soon have to microwave his clothes to disable the signal. But the real question is, how are you going to microwave your car, or, for that matter, how do you microwave the microwave?

* * *

Ryan Singel has written for *Wired News*, *In These Times*, the *San Francisco Examiner*, *LiP Magazine* and *Clamor*.



"Oh, sure, you won't swallow my cum, but you'll swallow the dog's cum!"

Tentacle

Anime Perverts

TENTACLE RAPE, SCHOOLGIRL UNIFORMS AND THREE-COCKED DEMONS —A PEEK INTO THE WEIRD WORLD OF PERVERTED JAPANIMATION.

REPORT BY TOM FARRELL



Pronounced "hen-tie," the word *hentai* literally translates to "pervert" in Japanese. *Hentai* refers to the erotic subset of Japanese anime, the unique art form that serves as the graphic basis for such popular movies and television series as *Sailor Moon, Cowboy BeBop* and *Final Fantasy*.

The visual distinctions in anime are always apparent and give the genre its singular look: Wide-eyed innocence, tiny mouths that balloon into comical proportions and Michael Jackson noses inform viewers that they've strayed into the freaky realm of Japanimation. Anime girls are generally young and lithe, clothed in the demure garments of sailor chicks and schoolgirls, or in traditional Japanese garb such as kimonos, and their hair is often a brilliant shade of purple, shocking pink or electric blue.



Anime found its core audience in the sci-fi/sci-fantasy crowd that watches *Star Trek*, enjoys fantasy role-playing games and reads comic books. As anime's popularity grew in

Clockwise from top: Bound for a good time in Mystery of the Necronomicon; Night Shift Nurses work on their bedside manner; school's out for the Teacher's Pet; more loving care from Night Shift Nurses.

Japanese

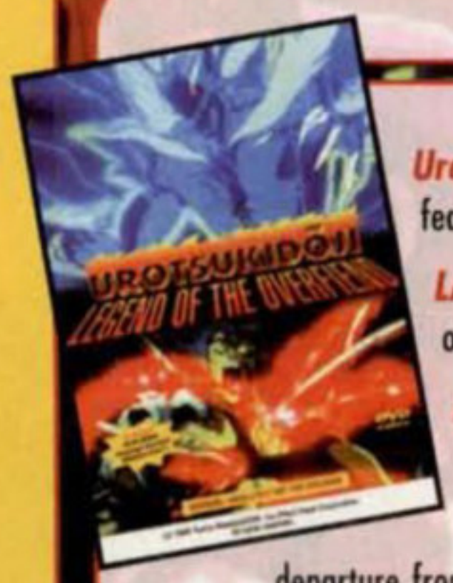
Clockwise from above left: Having a bad tentacle day in Urotsukidōji: New Saga; anatomy lessons from Teacher's Pet; making the rounds in Night Shift Nurses; LA Blue Girl Returns, a sequel to the classic.

Photos courtesy of A18 Corporation

the early '80s, its appeal broadened into the mainstream. The style began finding its way onto a host of TV stations, including MTV, FOX, WB, the Cartoon Network and the Sci-Fi channel, and anime festivals sprung up around the globe. As more young adults came aboard the anime bandwagon, the storylines fleshed out beyond the sci-fi elements to include romance, comedy and mystery.

Then they really fleshed out. Fans were no longer satisfied with the occasional glimpse of white cotton panties offered by the barely legal anime ingenues. All those phallic tentacles wrapping themselves around the legs of our heroines quickly slithered under the sailor-girl skirts and

Must-See Hentai



Urotsukidöji: Legend of the Overfiend **(Anime 18):** One of the genre's pioneers, the ever-expanding *Urotsukidöji* series features plenty of sci-fi/horror-themed graphic sex involving demons, tentacles and other scary creatures.

LA Blue Girl **(Anime 18):** Miko Mido is a half-demon/half-woman ninja warrior battling lusty hellions in this early *hentai* outing.

Mystery of the Necronomicon **(Anime 18):** "This one touches on the world of the occult," says Lei. "Really gory murders and hard-core sex scenes with a suspenseful, whodunit plot."



Words Worth **(NuTech Digital):** This title features the voices of adult-film stars Jenna Jameson and Nikki Dial. "A departure from the modern days and straight to the medieval times. Knights, mages and mythical creatures in a land where swords and sorcery reign," says Lei. "Let's not forget the graphic sex and the smattering of bestiality."



Demon Beast **(Anime 18):** From the creators of the *Overfiend* and *LA Blue Girl* series, this five-part opus deals with horny demons trying to repopulate Earth.



Other Titles Worth Watching:

Cool Devices (Critical Mass) • ***Imma Seiden*** (NuTech Digital) • ***Night Shift Nurses*** (Anime 18) • ***School of Bondage*** (NuTech Digital) • ***Teacher's Pet*** (Anime 18)

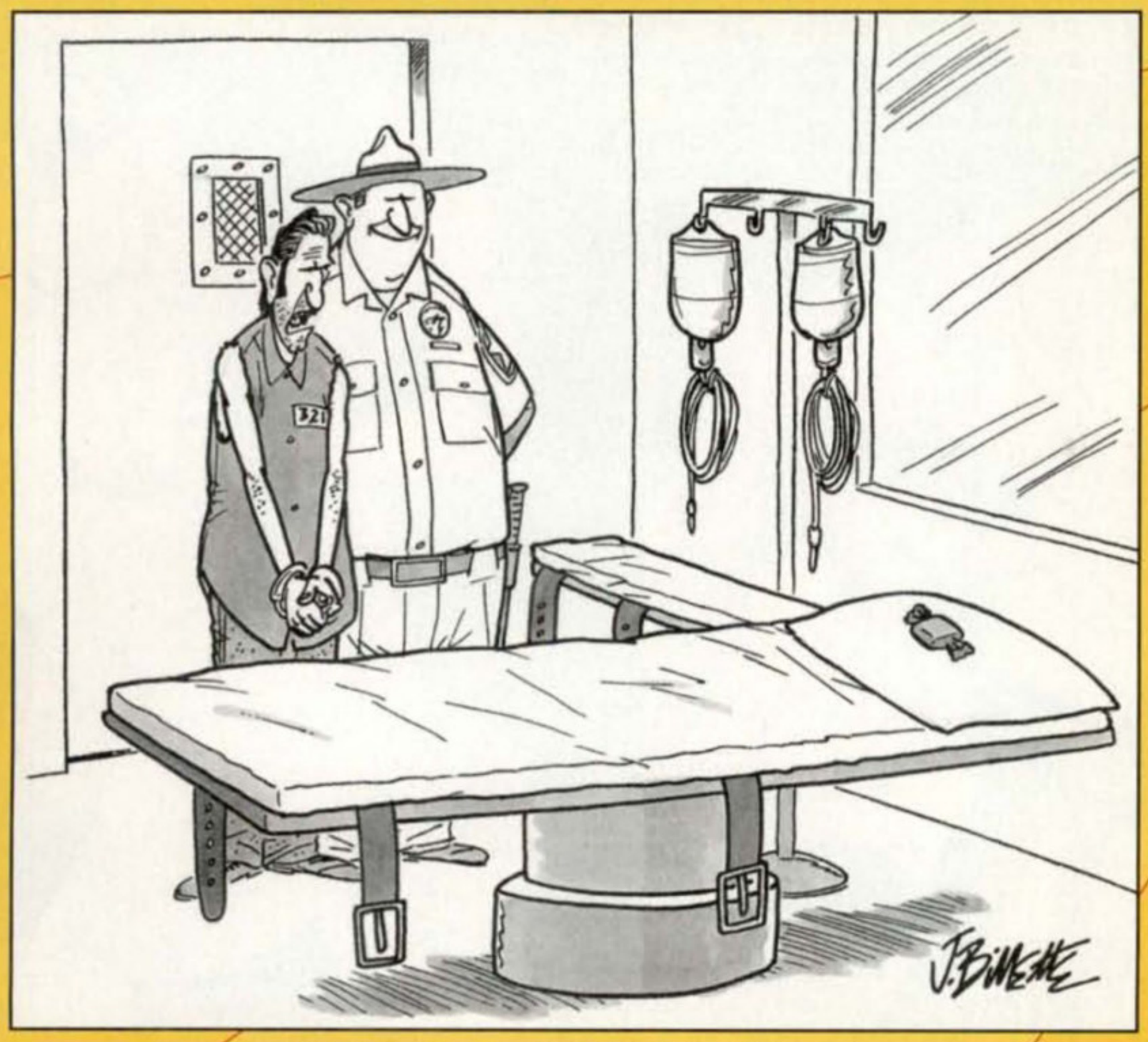
Hentai-Related Web Sites:

NuTechEntertainment.com • Anime18.com • CriticalMass.com

into XXX ratings.

According to Henry Lai, president of the A18 Corporation—regarded as one of the world's most prolific publisher of *hentai* movies and comics (*manga*)—*hentai* makes up approximately 10% of the anime industry. A18 (located on the Web at www.Anime18.com) releases a wide range of titles that exemplify the diversity that has made *hentai* popular among sci-fi/fantasy fans. *Adventure Kid*, which depicts a young computer geek and his girlfriend sucked into a computer vortex and attacked by zombies and demons; *Love Lessons*, which features a mystical "trainer" who creates ultimate women; and *Night Shift Nurses*, which depicts a group of young nurses blackmailed into joining a hospital brothel, are among A18's finest efforts.

"The thing I like best about *hentai* is the variety," says Rowena Wendy Lim Lei, a 28-year-old mother and *hentai* fan who runs the popular Animetric.com, which provides information and reviews on *hentai*. "The possibilities are endless. Compared to live-action porn, *hentai* provides not only truckloads of sex, but also stories and characters that can be anywhere from interesting to funny to magical—wherever the creator's imagination takes him. With live-action porn, I feel like, [if] I've seen one, I've seen them all. The same does not hold true for *hentai* anime."



"What's that—a chocolate mint?! Oh, that's cute."

"Some of our best-sellers contain serpents with tentacles, while others contain more realistic characters portraying real sexual situations," says Joe Giarmo, vice president of NuTech Digital Inc., the original DVD licenser of *hentai* classics such as *LA Blue Girl* and *Urotsukidöji: Legend of the Overfiend*.

That artistic freedom grants *hentai* the license to be utterly diverse in its fantasy sexual fulfillment. Furry creatures have sex with humans, tentacles gang-fuck teams of girls, huge Gigeresque sex machines impale a score of moaning women on churning phallic pistons, and demons with three cocks plunge their way into cartoon temptresses while flying high above fantasy cities.

"A lot [of titles] deal with exploring fetishes or stories that couldn't exist in any other medium, certainly not in live action," says Peter Payne, who operates PeachPrincess.com and Jastusa.com, two companies catering to *hentai*-gaming enthusiasts. "Since anything is possible with computer graphics, the creators are free to roam and make a really special product. Sometimes the themes—naughty tentacles, sex-changing, costume fetishes—seem a little strange to fans, but most fans revel in this strangeness, and in the Japanese cultural elements."

Not all of the cultural elements are hitting it off so well with American consumers. One of *hentai*'s most noticeable



features is the youthful appearance of its heroines, many of whom strike the uninitiated as being jailbait material. According to *hentai*'s defenders, the confusion lies in cultural differences. "Most Asians look younger to Westerners than they actually are, and anime is no different," insists Anime 18 president Lai. "This is not a problem in Japan or Asia, since Asians are well aware of the real ages of the characters involved. For the American and European market, we include a notice on the package which clearly states that all models are 19 or older."

Payne agrees. "They're all intended to be aged 18 or older, and this is indicated both on the packaging of our games as well as in the game stories. The Japanese games are the same way. There's an industry group in Japan called Sof-Rin [Japanese Software Morality Association], which sets standards for Japanese dating-sim gamemakers to follow. All characters must be aged 18 or older to be approved for release. As for how an artist chooses to design his characters, though, that's up to him."

But the barely legal aspect of *hentai*'s youthful heroines is only part of the problem (or appeal, depending on one's perspective). Even though none of *hentai*'s characters or situations exist in reality, many Westerners still find the treatment of fictional women to be an issue. Since *hentai* is animated, and no real women are depicted, laws dealing with nonconsensual sex are moot. Still, even some *hentai* proponents understand how the art form could be perceived as sexist. "I have to admit that in most *hentai* anime, women are usually on the losing end," says Animetric.com's Lei. "They end up getting raped, defiled, humiliated, et cetera. But since *hentai* is mainly a male-fantasy-dominated realm, I can accept it as a given."

* * *

Tom Farrell has written and taken photographs for *Rip, Rap Pages, Music Biz, Music Connection* and *BROWN SUGAR*.

"Pretty Girl" Games

Hentai is available in many formats: DVDs, VHS tapes, digital online and CD-ROM comics (called *doujinshi*), comic books and graphic novels (known as *manga*). But when anime burst onto the video-game scene in an avalanche of titles from *Tekken* to *Final Fantasy*, *hentai* took a clue and fired back with *bishoujo* games, which are essentially dating and sex simulations. "*Bishoujo* is a Japanese word that means 'pretty girl,'" explains PeachPrincess.com's Payne, whose companies, along with others such as G-Collections.com, provide a steady stream of the dating simulators and *hentai* strip-poker games.

All of the games run on Windows systems 95 through X. Each title is translated into English, except that the girls speak in soft Japanese accents.

Approximately 25% of all software produced in Japan offers variations on adult romantic simulations, where you have to make girls fall in love with you so you can have sex with them. Even the most conservative computer stores have sections dedicated to these titles. In Akihabara, the electronics and software mecca of Tokyo, there are stores that sell nothing but *bishoujo* games and related products. Since the games are interactive and story-based, with multiple endings, there's more depth to most of these games compared with, say, a 30-minute *hentai* anime DVD.





Must-Play Bishoujo

***Kana—Little Sister* (G-Collections):** "Probably the saddest game in circulation," says Lei. "You're the elder brother of a terminally ill young woman, and, yes, still there's sex." Kuma Hayashi, sales manager for G-Collections, echoes, "This story will make you cry."



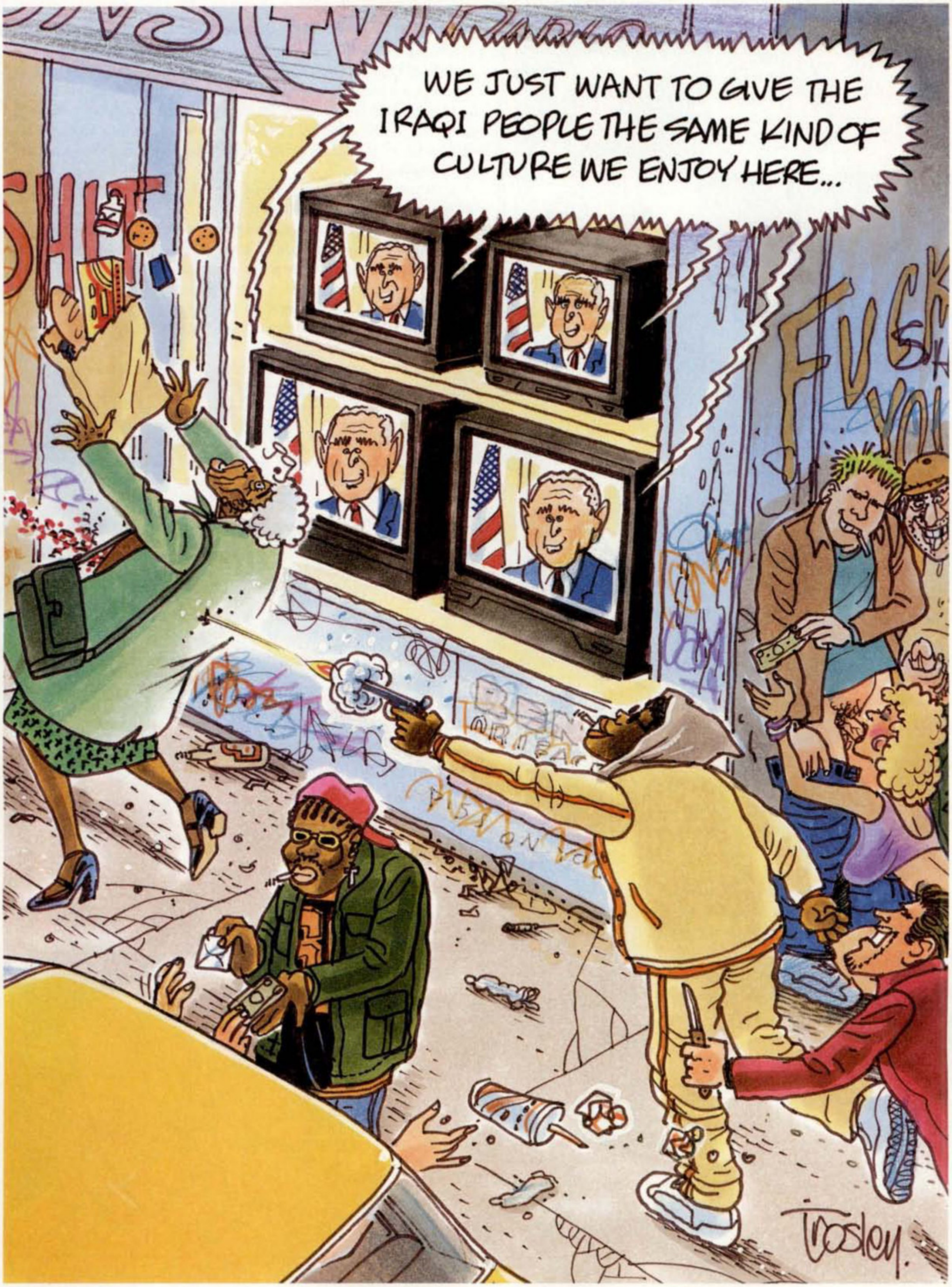
***Kango Shicyauzo* (G-Collections):** You're a substitute teacher at an all-girl nursing school. Need we say more?

***X-Change 2* (Peach Princess):** Great graphics and great sex in this gender-bender set in school.



***Brave Soul* (Peach Princess):** A bold new role-playing and adventure game with stunning graphics.




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LEFTOVERS

There was this girl, Daphne, that my buddy used to fuck back in high school. Man, was she fine! She was tall, maybe six feet, but she wasn't one of those skinny, stick-figure gals. This orange-haired lovely had pendulous knockers and a full ass. Of course, my friend was a jackass and dumped her—even after she sucked his cock every day for nearly a year. He said it was because she was getting fat, and I remember we laughed about "the heifer."

I'm a few years older now and a helluva lot kinkier. I think about Daphne all the time and, in my dreams, I've rubbed my balls over every curve on her body and titty-fucked her billowy milk mounds for hours, spraying scrotum juice all over her face. Daphne had been burned into my psyche as the ideal woman whom I'd never get to have.

Two months ago, I met Daphne again at the vet's office, where I take my dog. She's a veterinary nurse now. Her face is still gorgeous, but her titties—wow! They grew from large to humongous. Her ass had plumped out too. But instead of being turned off by her extra padding, my cock tented my trousers, giving Daphne a shock. "We should hook up," the girl-mountain mentioned as she gazed at my stiff trouser pole. I gave her my number and hastily made tracks back to my place, where I stroked out several loads while mentally replaying our encounter.

A few days later, Daphne came over. We talked for hours. I admitted to her that I had wanted her for a long time, despite the fact that she had dated my friend. Daphne conceded that since she had two kids, she was in desperate need of excitement in her life—she was only 22 after all.

I asked her, "You wanna screw around with a horny man who thinks you're fine?" Daphne's cheeks turned bright red, and her face erupted into a giant smile. "Oh, Richie," she cooed. "Let's make some sloppy love!"

I grabbed Daphne's rippling love handles and locked lips with her, nearly inhaling her mouth. Daphne sucked on my tongue and grabbed my shaft. It was obvious she would indulge every twisted whim I had—she just needed to get laid.

"Get those titties out and get on your back," I commanded. My roly-poly hump toy hassled with her blouse and bra while I whipped out my steely meat pole. I laid my fuck rod between her bodacious knockers and began to rub. It was even better than in my fantasy! "Put some lube on that," I instructed, thrusting my cock head up to Daphne's anxious lips. She looked me straight in the eye and gulped my engorged prick right into her trap! "Get it wet," I barked. "Really soak it." After she slobbered all over my love rod, I wedged my throbbing unit back between her globes. Holding one of her chins between my thumb and forefinger, I told her lovingly, "Jam those titties together and make me come."

Daphne eagerly worked my cock with her boobs and kept the shaft wet with drool. Her chest was slick with saliva, and my dick was getting huge and crimson. I was just about to come, so I pulled up off her. Possessed by the need to chew on Daphne's fat, juicy slot, I splayed her legs and dug in.

Fat-girl pussy is the best, I don't care what the snobs say. Daphne's extra padding allowed me to ram my face between her dripping cunt flaps and savagely lick away without being bruised by her bony parts. I guzzled girl honey till my belly was full and she was screaming, "Pork me now!"

Daphne was going crazy, squeezing her tremendous jugs and moaning. I thrust my cunt-splitter deep into her girl hole and held it there while I enjoyed the hot pressure on my member. Then I withdrew my jimmy all the way and shoved it back in as hard as I could. Daphne was arching her back, shouting, "Oh, it's like a piston!" *More like a harpoon*, I thought, reveling in the warm, gelatinous splendor of her well-fed nether regions with each stab.

I repeated this deep thrusting until Daphne spasmed in climax, then pulled out and climbed atop my large lover, feeling much like Sir Edmund Hillary must have felt when he conquered Mt. Everest. "Where do you want my load?" I asked.

"On my face," Daphne whimpered. I aimed my inflamed love stalk at her snout and shot spunk all over her face and hair. Somehow, I missed her mouth, which must have been some kind of first. I kissed my sperm-sullied she-hemoth for a while before falling into a deep sleep in her sweaty arms.

I awoke many hours later, alone. I hit the john and tried to figure out where the hell Daphne was. Her car was in the driveway, but she wasn't in my bed. My cock was hard again too—where the hell was that girl?

Then I heard commotion in the kitchen. I snuck in there and spied my hefty hottie chowing down on leftovers from the fridge. "Sorry," Daphne shrugged. "When I'm happy, I get hungry."

"I don't mind at all, baby," I replied. I stuck my stiffy into her mouth, my manhood commingling with masticated clumps of the Chinese takeout I'd bought last week.

Daphne had been my buddy's gal, but he ditched her and, years later, I scooped her up. Now she was sitting naked in my kitchen with a mouthful of days-old chicken chop suey and freshly churned spunk. Needless to say, I'm in favor of leftovers.

-R. S.
St. Charles, Missouri

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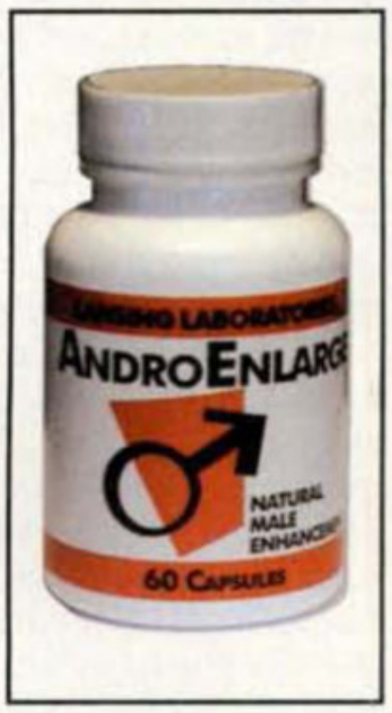
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HUSTLER Parody. Not a real ad. Here's what Rush really said about illicit drug use on October 5, 1995: "Too many whites are getting away with drug use...the answer is to go out and find the ones who are getting away with it, convict them and send them up the river too." We completely agree!

CAGE

HEAT

TEONI AND JOHN WEST

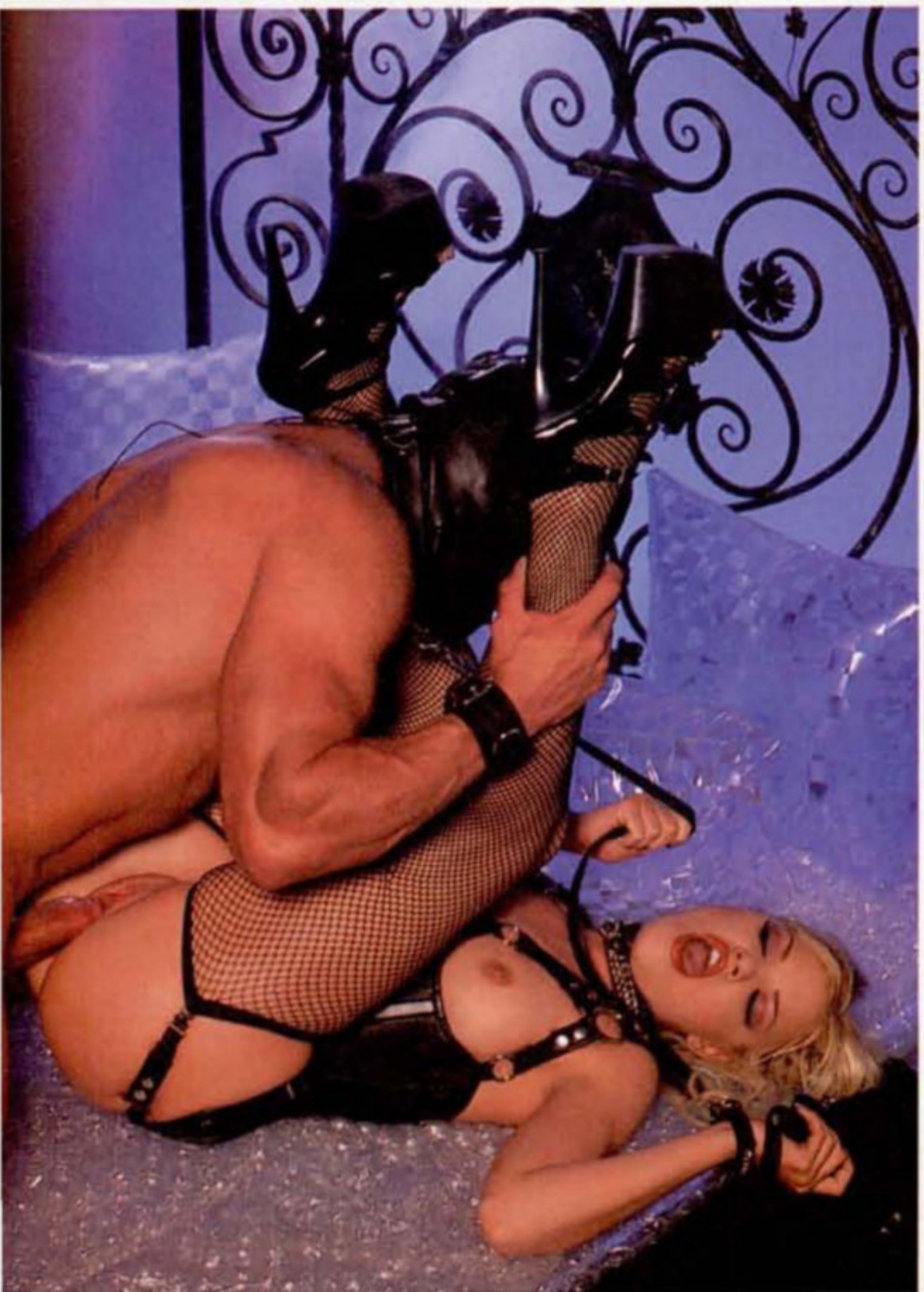
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT



From nine to five, John is a high-powered corporate executive who swallows up small companies, fires employees on a whim and decimates lives. No one would dare tell him he's wrong, for fear of losing his job, but that's exactly what he craves.



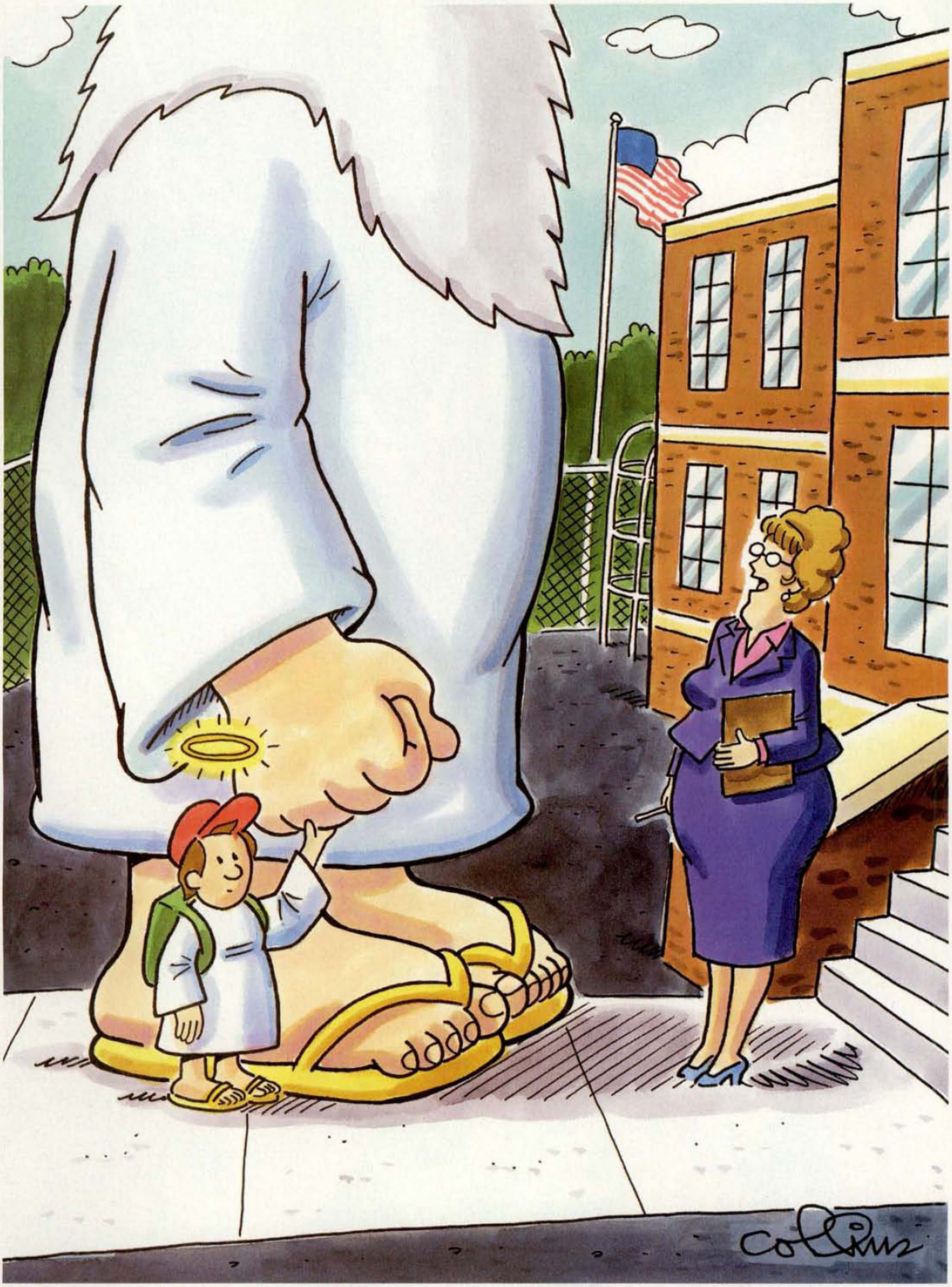






To satisfy his deep need for domineering discipline, the self-loathing CEO comes to Teoni's dungeon once a week and becomes her willing slave. The dominatrix locks him in a cage until his punishment is complete. Once released, the chastened bigwig screws her mercilessly, thus preparing himself for another day in the workplace.





"I'm sorry, Mr. God, but we cannot accept your son into the public school system."

SHERMAN AUSTIN

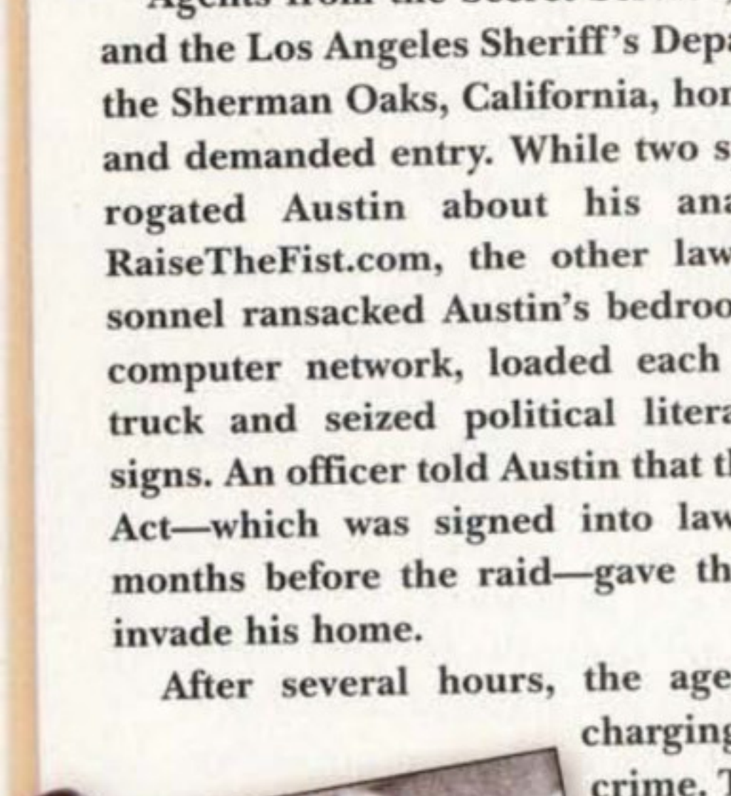
Another Victim of the War on Terror

Need further proof that the Bill of Rights is being dismantled? Meet Sherman Austin, who's serving a year in prison for a Web site he hosted as an 18-year-old kid.

Interview by Bruce David
and Dan Kapelovitz
Photos by Guadalupe Bañales

On January 24, 2002, 18-year-old Sherman Austin was taking a nap when his sister woke him, informing him that a horde of "FBI-looking people" was parked up and down the street, focusing on their house.

Agents from the Secret Service, the FBI, the LAPD and the Los Angeles Sheriff's Department surrounded the Sherman Oaks, California, home, weapons drawn, and demanded entry. While two special agents interrogated Austin about his anarchist Web site, RaiseTheFist.com, the other law-enforcement personnel ransacked Austin's bedroom, dismantled his computer network, loaded each computer onto a truck and seized political literature and protest signs. An officer told Austin that the USA PATRIOT Act—which was signed into law less than three months before the raid—gave them the power to invade his home.

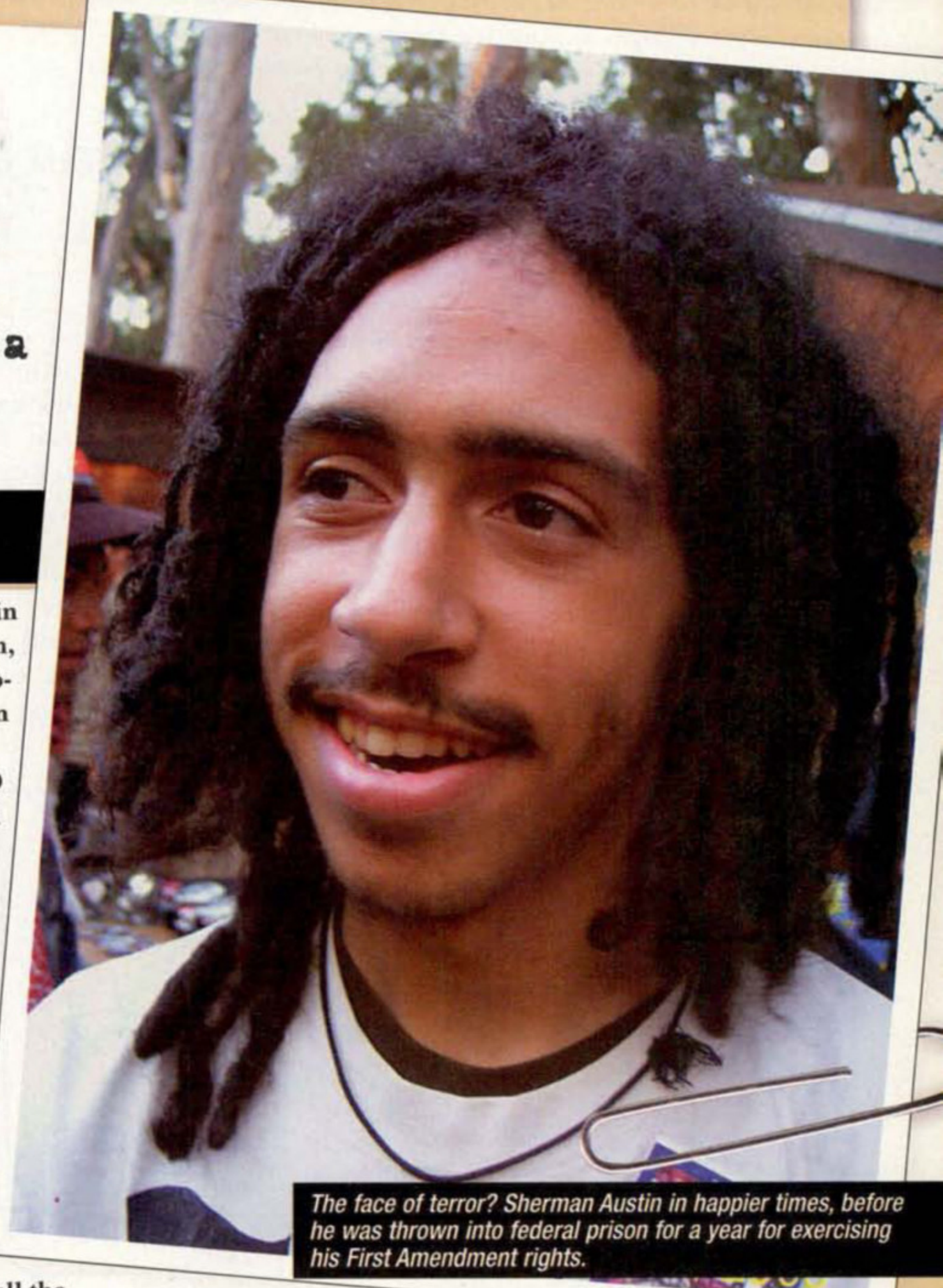


After several hours, the agents left without charging Austin with any crime. They did, however, tell the teenager that he was in "serious trouble." Undeterred, Austin attended a protest at the World Economic Forum in New York City a week later, where he was arrested for disorderly conduct and unlawful assembly.

Austin was released, only to be arrested 30 minutes later by federal agents for "distribution of information relating to explosives, destructive devices and weapons of mass destruction with the intent that such information be used in furtherance of a federal crime of violence," a crime that was signed into law by President Clinton in 1999.

The information in question was bomb-making material that wasn't even authored by Austin; he merely hosted it on his Web site after it was posted there by another teenager.

After being shuttled from one detention facility to another around the country, Austin was released once again. He put his site back online and continued with his political activism. Six months later, federal prosecutors contacted Austin's lawyer; they wanted Austin to accept a pre-indictment binding plea.



The face of terror? Sherman Austin in happier times, before he was thrown into federal prison for a year for exercising his First Amendment rights.

Sherman Austin
Bef#: YSKA-420-24/7

With the initial plea, Sherman would only have served one month in jail, five months in community confinement (such as a halfway house) and three years of probation. Believing that the most time he could receive for his alleged crime was three or four years, Sherman rejected the deal, determined to take his case to trial. When Austin learned that his offense might qualify for terrorist-enhancement-sentencing guidelines, which could potentially send him away for an additional 20 years, he agreed to plead guilty.

Eventually, the federal assistant prosecutor, Rob Castro-Silva, recommended four months in jail, but Judge Stephen J. Wilson refused the agreement, asking how such a sentence could serve as "a deterrence to some other revolutionary." Wilson ordered the prosecutor to consult the Justice Department and FBI head Robert Mueller. Even though the Justice Department and Mueller agreed with the relatively light punishment, Wilson ignored the prosecution and sentenced Austin to 12 months in federal prison.

HUSTLER spoke to Austin on September 2, 2003, the day before he turned himself in to serve his yearlong sentence.

* * *

HUSTLER: Describe your Web site that caught the attention of the authorities.

AUSTIN: RaiseTheFist.com was an anarchist, independent-media Web site that focused on corporate globalization, environmental justice, police brutality, stuff like that. It was basically an open-publishing forum where people can go on and contribute to it. I hosted sites for other people, and I would often link to others. One of the Web sites I was linking to, which wasn't mine, dealt with things like protest tactics, security culture and things like that, and a small portion of that Web site had common-knowledge information on explosives. This was stuff the person had obviously copied and pasted from other sources around the Internet. You can find ten times more information on other Web sites. You find it on white-supremacy sites. You can find it on HowStuffWorks.com. You can find it everywhere.

HUSTLER: What happened to the kid who wrote and posted the material?

AUSTIN: Nothing. They actually questioned him. Even though they knew who he was, they still continued to say that I authored the information to make it look like I was more guilty. I don't think my case really had anything to do with the availability of information about explosives.

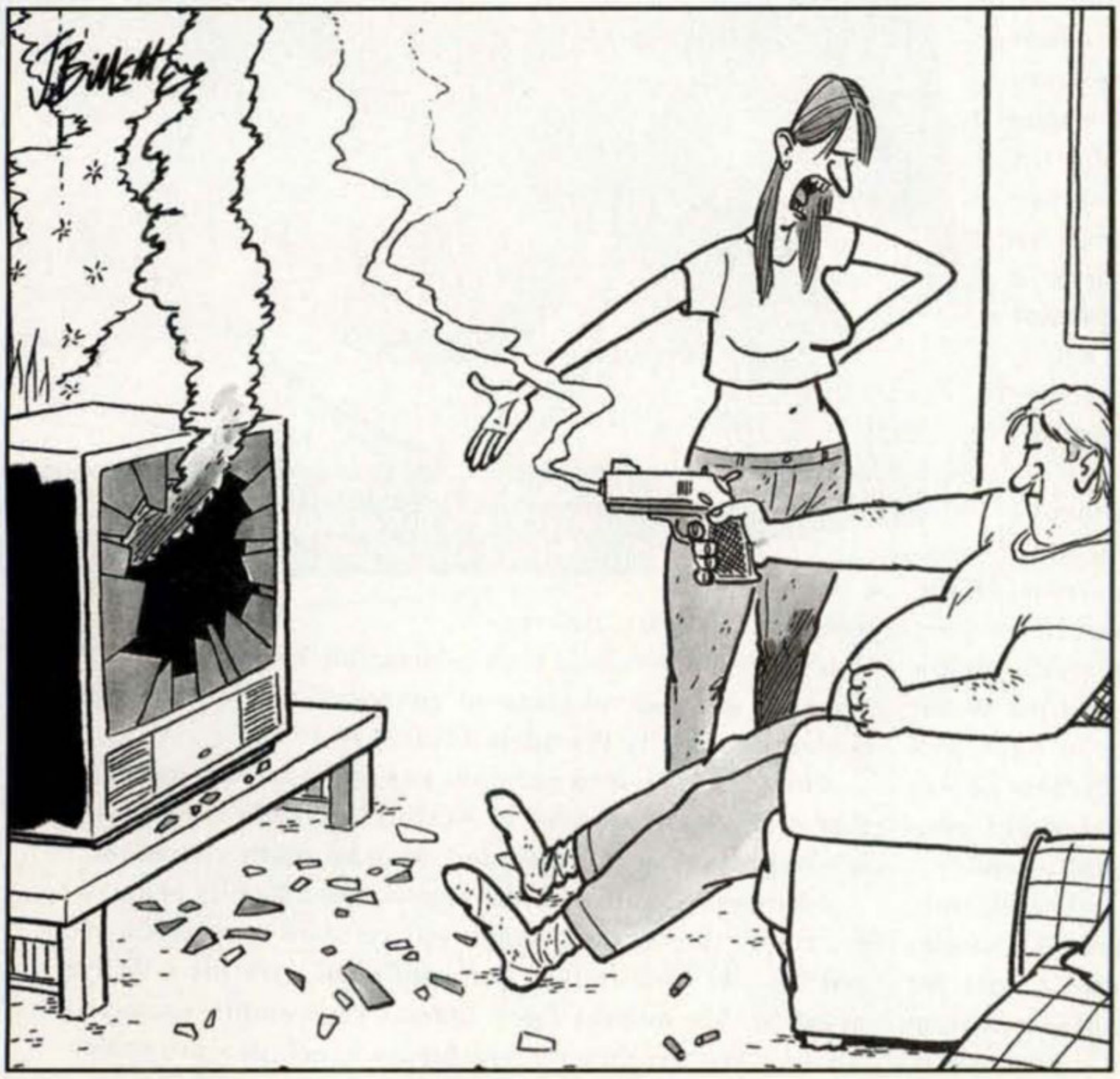
HUSTLER: Do you think it had more to do with your running an effective antigovernment Web site?

AUSTIN: Yeah, exactly. They had been monitoring the site a lot, even prior to the PATRIOT Act and September 11. They had been coming to the site pretty much since it was put online in 2000.

HUSTLER: What happened when they arrested you in New York?

AUSTIN: [After being detained for disorderly conduct and unlawful assembly at the World Economic Forum], I was interrogated by someone from the Secret Service and someone from the FBI for several hours. They kept asking me if I was a terrorist or involved in any terrorist organizations, who I had come to New York with, why I came. They kept bringing up the raid that happened back in California. I was released. I was waiting in the courthouse for about 30 minutes, and then five or six FBI agents came in, and they arrested me [for distributing information about explosives through the Internet]. They took me to this lower Manhattan federal jail, where I was put

"Five or six FBI agents arrested me. eral jail, where I was put into a ma



"Fuck—that's the seventh TV in four months! You gotta stop watching Hannity, Novak and O'Reilly!"

into a maximum security, 24-hour lockdown. Eventually, 11 days later, I was taken to an airplane and, with shackles on my wrists and ankles, I was flown to a federal jail hub in Oklahoma. I was in Oklahoma for two days, and then the prosecutors decided they weren't going to issue an indictment at that time. After all that, I was released and flown back to Los Angeles. I had nothing on me, no charges. I got RaiseTheFist.com back online and continued my political work, not just with RaiseTheFist.com, but with other things within the community.

HUSTLER: So you were already an activist, but this really lit a fire?

AUSTIN: Oh, yeah. I continued to do even more organizing. Raise the Fist developed more into a direct-action network made up of different chapters around the U.S. and around the world.

HUSTLER: Do you think the government was sending you a message with your arrest?

AUSTIN: Yeah. That's what they said. Before they left my house after the raid, the main special agent said to my mom that I had crossed a boundary, and as long as I get back on the other side of that boundary, everything will be okay.

HUSTLER: Why did you decide to take the plea agreement?

AUSTIN: I weighed it out and said, "One month versus a potential 24 years," and decided not to martyr myself.

HUSTLER: Are you sorry you took the plea?

AUSTIN: If I had another chance, I would have taken it to trial.

HUSTLER: Tell us about what your parole conditions will be when you are released.

AUSTIN: The probation, which is going to be for three years, is pretty intense. It basically states that I can't use a computer for any political purpose. If I want to use a computer for work, I have to get permission from the probation officer. Even then, tracking software has to be installed in it. They can periodically take my hard drive and download everything off it, keep it for as long as they want. I have to surrender my DSL phone bills, everything like that.

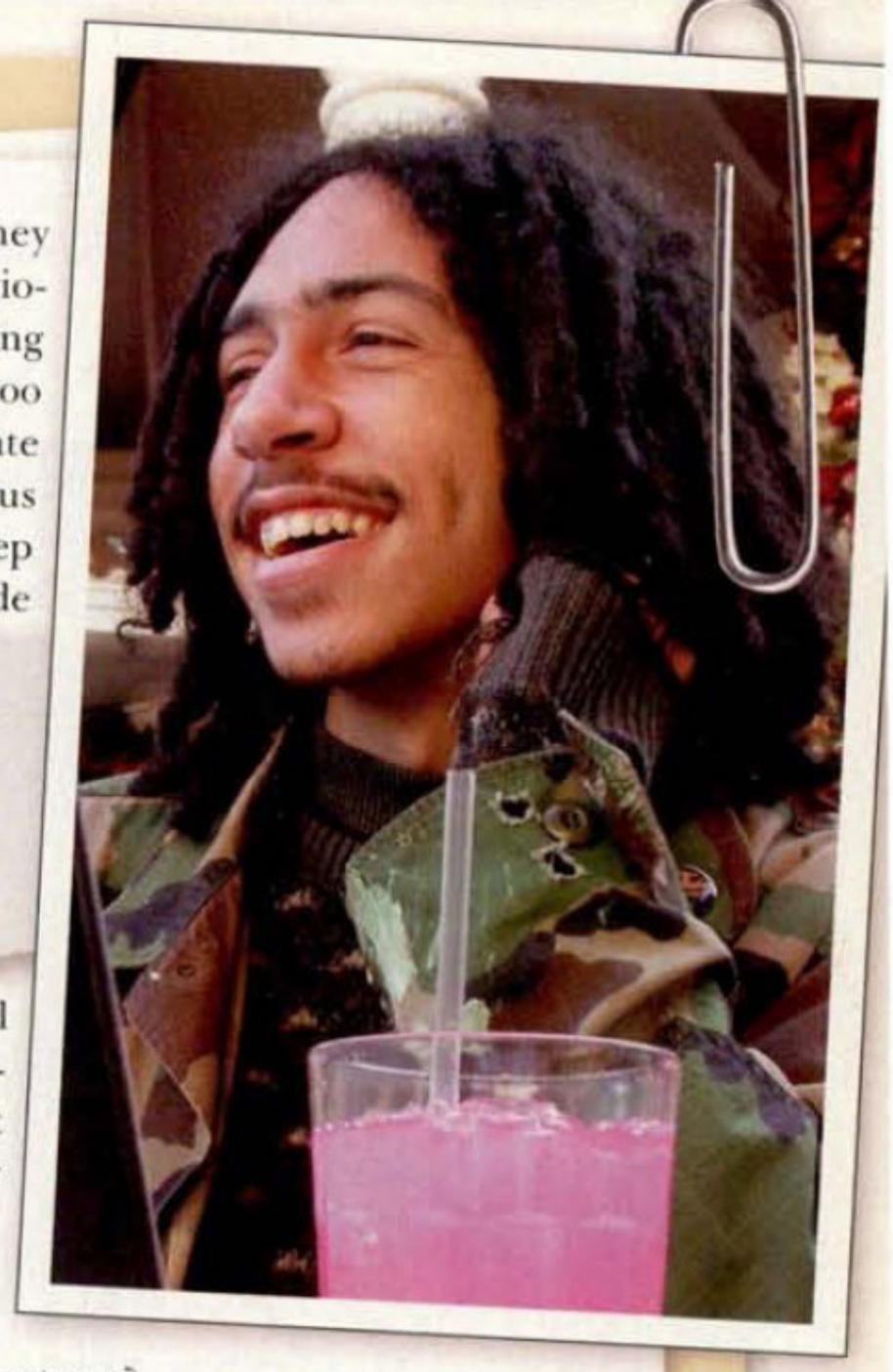
HUSTLER: Are they limiting with whom you can associate when you are released?

AUSTIN: They're saying I can't associate with anarchists or anarchist organizations, and I can't associate with anyone or any organization who promotes violence or political change. How do they determine who is violent? How are they going to determine who's too political to associate with? It's just obvious that they want to keep me in a vise and exclude me from all my political activity and all my political organizing, and just keep me in a trap for three years.

HUSTLER: So you can't even hang out with your friends when you get out?

AUSTIN: Yeah. I'm still going to continue with my political organizing. I'm just going to fight it as much as possible. The probation is so generic that if I became a registered Democrat, I'd be violating my probation. It's just so ridiculous.

"They took me to this federal maximum security lockdown."





"Shit, it's my husband! Quick, if he finds you here, he'll kill you!"

Sherman Austin
Case#: YSKA-420-24/7

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Suze behind the camera...

Suze & The

Erotic photographer Suze Randall has taken pictures of every top model from Traci Lords to Jenna Jameson—she's even shown pink herself. Better still, Suze's daughter, Holly, has joined her mom to form the ultimate mother-daughter porn team.

Report by Sean Carney

Flash back in time to mid-'60s "swinging" London, where Suze Randall, a prim, young hospital worker from Worcestershire, England, reinvents herself as a naughty mod pinup girl to pay the bills while her husband struggles to write a novel. Horny guys in the UK are soon drooling over hot layouts of Randall posed in silky panties, garters and hose. The pictorials are so smashing that Suze's career keeps climbing even after the work on hubby's book has wrapped.

Now flash forward a few years to early-'70s America, where Sexy Suze has transformed herself yet again. Randall ditches cheesecake poses for a turn behind the camera and wows Hugh Hefner with some candid nude shots of a fellow model. Soon Randall, in a triumph of talent, ambition and good timing, parlays Hef's interest into a staff position at *Playboy*—a groundbreaking achievement for a woman in the then-conservative adult-publishing world.

But Suze's budding renown as a porn shutterbug is too great for one magazine to contain; so she goes freelance, eventually earning the distinction of being the only photographer to shoot for *Playboy*, *Penthouse* and HUSTLER. Suze surprises erotic-entertainment fans once more in 1977 by appearing in front of the lens again, this time showing pink for pal Larry Flynt in an infamous, explicit HUSTLER self-portrait layout.

Today, Suze Randall is quite wealthy and a "name brand" that most HUSTLER readers will instantly recognize. That's because Suze's steamy adult photo-spreads are still turning us on—whether they are in the pages of this magazine or on the slick Web site, Suze.net, that Randall and her daughter, Holly, run as a family business.

What's her secret? With a note from Holly warning me not to fear their driveway, which "looks like it runs right up into the sky," I set off to Suze's 20-plus-acre ranch in Malibu Canyon, California—an impossibly chic and beautiful valley above the Pacific Ocean—to discover the answer.

Holly greets me in front of her family's stuccoed, mission-style home and ushers me on a whirlwind tour of Suze's studio, where a bevy of gorgeous, blond, twentysomething girls catalog the Randalls' voluminous body of work. We settle down in a rustic kitchen area for a fantastic meal of chicken and fresh salad from the garden. Suze joins us, looking dramatic and highly sexy in jodhpurs and a skintight white blouse. At 58, Suze radiates more sexuality than women half her age.

Suze is forthright about the secret of her success: "It's about the model—that's number one. The photographer is the person who coordinates everything, who makes it play. I just try to make the environment as comfortable as possible for the model, as sensual as possible."

Suze's emphasis on sensuality—not to mention the topnotch lighting and the detailed styling she and her assistants engineer—harkens back to a glamorous era before the "gonzo" aesthetic that is so preva-



Photo by Thomas Rifter

Holly Randall taking her mother from behind.



Suze and Holly in one of their earliest collaborations.

Randall

Queen of Cooze

lent in today's smut took over.

Randall credits two men as her mentors: Hugh Hefner and Larry Flynt. "I actually met Larry at one of Hef's garden parties," reminisces Suze. "At the [*Playboy*] mansion, they invite someone, and then they ignore them. They have all these celebs and all these titty girls and everything, and the only person who ever talked to anybody was me; so I went right up to Larry and started talking to him. We hit it off immediately. Larry said, 'Why don't you shoot yourself for HUSTLER?' So Larry put on the cover, in big letters, *PLAYBOY* PHOTOGRAPHER SHOWS PINK! So I got thrown out of *Playboy* by [Hef's] bouncers. Hefner sent down a memo that said, 'Tell Suze to go fuck herself!' "



Suze and Larry Flynt enjoying an intimate moment.

With HUSTLER, Flynt wanted the photos to be so detailed that readers could see each model's every pore; so Suze learned to shoot without diffusion on the camera lens and boot-strapped herself into the upper echelon of adult photographers.

Despite her status as an icon of old-school XXX elegance, Randall delights in the more explicit path her profession has taken.

"There's hard-core sex everywhere now, and that's fine by me," the lenswoman offers. "I much prefer the hard-core to the soft-core. Like they used to have these guys holding their willies looking dumbly at the girl. It was really silly! The chemistry is so much better when the people are actually making love. So that's been refreshing. Remember, the first time I posed was before magazines showed pubic hair!"

Holly laughs when Ma Suze tells stories of the old days. But Holly—already a jizz-biz veteran in her 20s—has had her own experiences with censorship and repressive attitudes. She recently joined Suze in the photo business full-time after a stint at the prestigious Brooks Institute of Photography. Holly writes on her HollyRandall.com Web site, "I never really fit in [at Brooks]—they don't allow nude images displayed—imagine that!" For Holly, snapping provocative photos of beautiful women is in her blood. Hiding the body or covering the sexy parts just doesn't make sense.

Holly's photographic style is a logical extension of Suze's aesthetic. The amped-up sensuality is there, but Holly's work is perhaps even more pristine and detailed than her mother's. Holly's eye-popping shots of Brianna Banks, Sunny Leone and Aria Giovanni have connected the Randalls to millions of fans.

Suze and Holly Randall have been such a potent pair in the studio that they've recently expanded their Suze.net enterprise into XXX videos. "[Adult movies] used to be difficult to make," laughs Suze. "You were always running from the vice [squad]."

What aspect of video production does Suze Randall most enjoy?

Ever-outrageous, Suze replies without skipping a beat. "Setting up a monitor and having a martini and a cigarette and saying, 'Ah! Jolly good show—that's a nice boner!' " offers the Annie Liebovitz of split beaver. "It's really quite entertaining."

* * *

HUSTLER Research Director Sean Carney's latest project is performing composer Robert Ashley's 18-minute noise epic, "The Wolfman," at venues across North America.



...and in front of it.



Porn star Aria Giovanni in a Randall sandwich.

Dope Generating a Buzz

Interview by Nancy B. Sayle



Dope awaits therapy to determine what the fuck was running through their heads when they chose their hairstyles.

"Die, motherfucker, die!" Thus spake Edsel Dope on his semi-eponymous band's 2001 release, *Life*. Edsel's writing has matured, relatively speaking, since then; check out the closing lines of "Bitch" from Dope's new CD, *Group Therapy*: "I love to hate you/Bitch." While much has changed over the short life of Dope—since forming in New York in 1997, the band has endured shake-ups in record labels and guitarists—their music remains firmly rooted in the industrial-metal-rock hybrid that first brought them to the public's attention in the late 1990s. Or was it the fact that they all were pale, skinny, tattooed white guys with dyed dreadlocks?

After selling drugs to pay for their demos and landing a major-label stint with Epic Records, Dope has come full circle on *Group Therapy*, releasing the record on their own label, Recon. Live, the band has shared stages with Kid Rock, Slipknot and Powerman 5000. HUSTLER spoke to Edsel about dealing drugs, psycho groupies and wee porn starlet Bridget the Midget.

HUSTLER: What drugs did you sell to finance the band's early endeavors?

DOPE: You name it. We had a delivery service in New York back in 1997, '98, back when [former Mayor Rudolph] Giuliani cleaned up the streets of New York, and drugs and prostitution went underground. We started out selling in a local bar. As time went on, we built a client list and then ran it like a professional business. Before you knew it, we were a one-

stop-shop, eight-hour-a-day delivery service for all the people in New York who wanted to get high.

HUSTLER: How much money were you making?

DOPE: It was enough to support all of us, and to buy computers and software programs to make music and promote the band. The delivery service was put to rest the day we got our record deal, and that was the goal from the beginning.

HUSTLER: Were you ever busted?

DOPE: It got pretty hairy there at the end. Maybe it was just our paranoia, but when you're Edsel Dope, and you have a Web site that talks about your beliefs, and you played a sold-out show, and the next day you have to wrap your hair up in a hat and roll around the street with a pocket full of Kryptonite, it gets a little creepy. But it worked.

HUSTLER: Do you think drugs should be legalized or just decriminalized?

DOPE: They should be legalized like nicotine. Tax them and regulate them. I'm not talking about all drugs; obviously, we're not talking about PCP. Instead of spending millions of dollars to create these drug task-force agencies—with their nice new, shiny Range Rovers, their cell phones and their semiautomatic weapons—you take all that money, and put it toward other things like education. We would have no more drug addiction than we have now. The people that are dead-set on doing drugs are going to do them. I don't think it's our responsibility to police them.

HUSTLER: What kind of drugs do you do?

DOPE: I smoke a lot of pot, but I've done just about every drug under the sun at one time or another just to try it.

HUSTLER: Have you tried PCP?

DOPE: That one I haven't done. I don't have the desire to feel bulletproof. I stick to just the good, common bud, and Budweiser and a bottle of Jäger.

HUSTLER: Have you ever mixed Ecstasy and Viagra?

DOPE: I've never done Viagra before. Ecstasy kind of acts as Viagra for me. When I take Ecstasy, I can fucking plow for two days.

HUSTLER: Any interesting groupie stories?

DOPE: The same old shit. There's always some girl who's ready to do something really nuts to show you how much she loves your band. But the really freaky ones tell you that they love you, and they want to have your children, and they somehow think that you're actually singing directly to them. It's pretty fucking scary. The worst part is when one of those happens to be wrapped in a really hot chick, and you don't realize that she's a lunatic until after you nail her a couple of times.

HUSTLER: Is it true that your drummer had sex with Bridget the Midget?

DOPE: My *former* drummer had a relationship with Bridget the Midget. She's been a party girlfriend of the band for years. Whenever you need some extra spice to add to the insanity of a party, she is definitely a great girl to have around.

HUSTLER: Are those porn stars in your video for the song "Bitch"?

DOPE: No, those are strippers. We decided not to use porn stars because we figured that everyone had seen porn chicks before; so we wanted to use some hot stripper chicks we knew. I think it came out a little bit less porn, less obvious.

HUSTLER: Everyone in the band has a pretty similar look. Are the dreadlocks a religious thing, like Rastafarianism?

DOPE: No. When I put this band together, I was already doing my own thing and looked the way I looked. I saw Dope as a movement. I wanted our fans to emulate the movement. I wanted it to be a lifestyle; so when people saw a kid that looked like a Dope kid, they would say, "That kid looks dope, like a Dope kid." One thing that we've been able to accomplish more than anything in our careers is establishing our image.

HUSTLER: Tell us about your record label.

DOPE: Recon is a baby label that was started by my manager and a couple of partners who each battled to put out the new Dope record. They believed in the band and thought they could help us deliver our vision to the world. Unfortunately, there were some political moves within Epic, our first label, that changed the whole landscape of what our position was at the label. With the major-label climate changing as much as it has, and with file-sharing and everything else, we chose to take power into our hands and take a very independent approach, like we did before we ever signed a record deal.

HUSTLER: What do you think about file-swapping?

DOPE: Shit, if I was a 15- or 16-year-old kid, and I only had 20 bucks in my pocket, and I wanted to see a movie, or maybe wanted to take a girl out, or buy some weed, or whatever, music kind of seems less important to spend that $20 on. Especially when I can just hit a little button on my computer.

HUSTLER: Any final words for HUSTLER readers?

DOPE: Suck it.



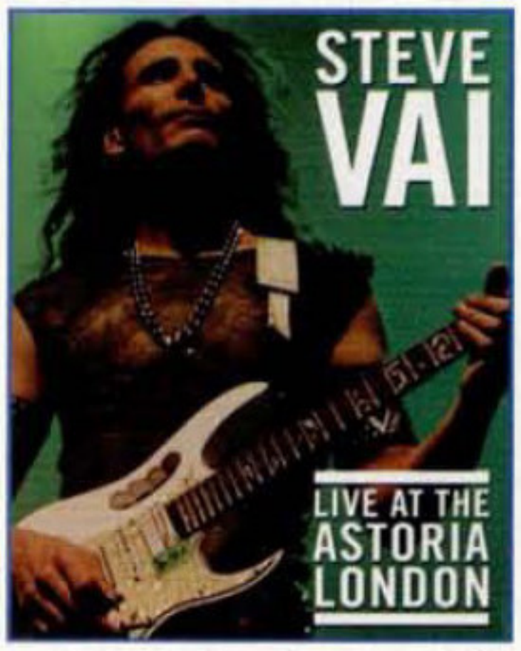


Hook up with Dope at **DopeArmy.com**.

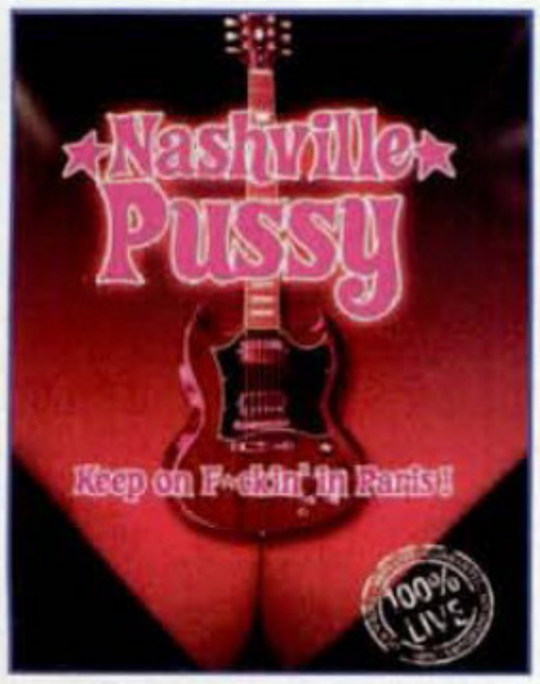
HUSTLER's Hot Wire

Brief Notes From the World of Rock

GUITAR WIZARD STEVE VAI RELEASES TWO-DVD SET



Live at the Astoria London, Steve Vai's first-ever live-performance DVD, clocks in at more than 2 1/2 hours. The concert was filmed at the Astoria in London, England, on December 6 and 7, 2001, while the former Frank Zappa ax man was on tour promoting *Alive in an Ultra World*. Vai's band includes bassist Billy Sheehan, drummer Virgil Donati, guitarist/keyboardist Tony MacAlpine and guitarist Dave Weiner. The DVD also features bonus material, such as backstage footage, interviews, discography and a commentary track.



NASHVILLE PUSSY *KEEP ON FUCKIN'*

Nashville Pussy's *Keep on F*ckin' in Paris!* DVD has finally been released in North America. Known for their explosive, head-banging, foot-stomping, obscenity-laden, punk-charged, sexually fueled, in-your-face music, the Kentucky-based, inter-gender foursome tears through a typical full-throttle concert on this 64-minute DVD. Extra material includes a "sing-along option," a bonus video clip for "Say Something Nasty," a slide show and complete lyrics.

TOYING WITH HENDRIX



The estate of Jimi Hendrix has joined forces with McFarlane Toys to create a collectible figure of the guitar master. Dressed in his blue-velvet pants and white fringed shirt, with the familiar scarf tied around his head and another wrapped around his left leg, the lifelike replica re-creates Jimi's psychedelic persona. In an apparent homage to Alanis Morissette, the Hendrix figurine has one hand on his guitar, and the other one's giving a peace sign. The scene is made complete with guitar-effects pedals and a microphone stand.

NEWS



Pop star-turned-Jehovah's Witness Prince has reportedly been going door-to-door testifying to strangers in his native Minnesota. The wee warbler, known for his sexually provocative lyrics, has been joined on his outings by witnessing partner/funk-bass legend Larry Graham. Perhaps Prince's next single will be a remake of "All Along the Watchtower"?



Singer/songwriter Elliott Smith was found dead last October 21 of an apparent suicide at his home in Los Angeles. He sustained a single stab wound to the chest, which appeared to be self-inflicted. While the 34-year-old was best known for "Miss Misery" (from the *Good Will Hunting* soundtrack), he'd released five albums revered by critics and fans alike. Smith had suffered from alcoholism and drug abuse.

In other death-related news, Dethy Hunn, frontman of up-and-coming death-metal band Deathbred, is—you guessed it—dead. Hunn's apparently self-inflicted hanging occurred just weeks after he appeared on *The New Tom Green Show*. In retrospect, Dethy's choice of pseudonym and band name may have been a cry for help.



Former Kiss guitarist Bruce Kulick was shot and wounded on October 16 outside Sunset Strip boozery the Key Club. The ax-slinger was struck in the right leg and grazed above the ear. At press time it appeared that the attack was random and not in retaliation for Kulick's solo album, *Transformer*.



Memo to Courtney Love: When you've already temporarily lost custody of your kid once, it's not particularly prudent to overdose on OxyContin in front of your 11-year-old daughter, then tell the press that you made the experience "fun" for her. Seriously, at that age she'd much prefer shopping.

REVIEWS



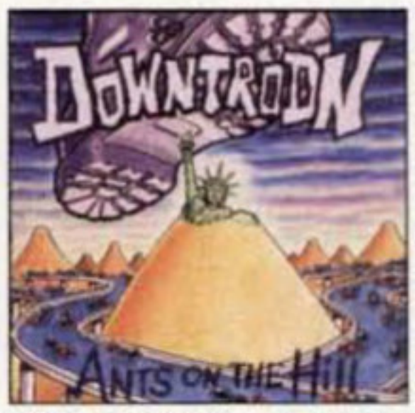
Air
Talkie Walkie
(Virgin)

Talkie Walkie is a collection of achingly melancholic tunes mixed by producer Nigel Godrich (Radiohead, Beck, Pavement), with string arrangements by former Serge Gainsbourg arranger Michel Colombier. The result of these collaborations is an ethereal, densely layered record that traipses between darkness and light. Unlike previous records, the boys eschew guest vocalists, with JB Dunckel (one half of the French duo) taking the helm instead. Standout tracks include the vocally haunting "Run" and the meandering sparseness of "Alone in Tokyo" (from Sofia Coppola's film *Lost in Translation*).



Starsailor
Silence Is Easy
(Capitol)

The sophomore effort from Starsailor is an epic album infused with shimmering arrangements, catchy hooks and uplifting ballads. Aside from a few brooding moments (see: the paranoid, stripped-down "Shark Food"), *Silence Is Easy* bursts with the soul-stirring voice of James Walsh. The Wall of Sound imprint of legendary producer Phil Spector is evident on tracks "Silence Is Easy" and "White Dove." This is Spector's first production in over two decades, and perhaps his last, given his current legal woes, making *Silence Is Golden* a potential collector's item as well as a killer album.

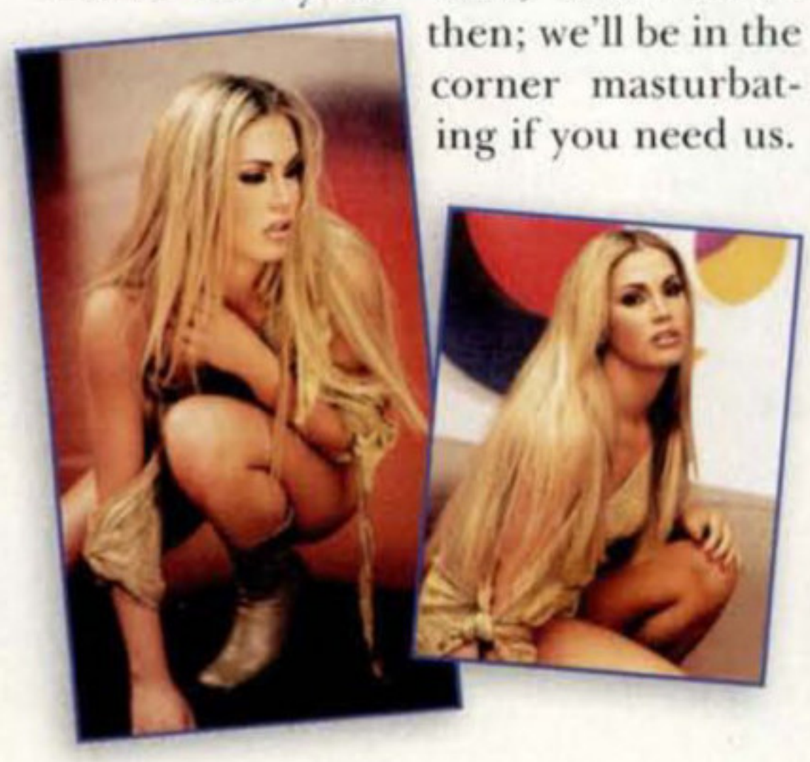


Downtrodn
Ants on the Hill
(Marshman Studios)

This release may boast cover art by HUSTLER cartoonist Dan Collins, but the music inside is no joke. This Columbus, Ohio, trio rips through a set of NOFX-inspired punk, tackling police brutality, religious zealotry and urban blight. Turn it up and tear it down. (Downtrodn.com)

GRATUITOUS COOZE

Hi, Willa Ford! We just want to let you know that HUSTLER appreciates the fact that you've titled your newest single "A Toast to Men," with its saucy chorus, "Here's to your balls as they bounce off my chin/Spit on my asshole and cram yourself in." What? Those aren't the lyrics? Well, never mind then; we'll be in the corner masturbating if you need us.



Rock 'n' Roll Spotlight

Adema

Okay, so they grew up in Bakersfield, California, home to many a nü-metal head; and yes, singer Marky Chavez happens to be the kid brother of Korn's Jonathan Davis. But that doesn't make Adema just another kernel on the Korn kob. Adema noisily hold its own on its second album, *Unstable* (Arista).

Relentless touring honed the group's chops; over the past two years Adema has appeared on the Ozzfest '01 main stage and shared bills with Linkin Park and Godsmack. According to drummer Kris Kohls, who along with Mike Ransom (guitar), Tim Fluckey (guitar) and Dave DeRoo (bass) provide the hard-hitting music that backs up Chavez's compelling lyrics, "We go onstage and rock! We don't go onstage and 'nü-metal.'"

Indeed, rock froth and fury spill in every direction on tracks like "Needles," inspired by a family member's struggle with heroin addiction. "As the mouthpiece, I try to write what the band feels," Chavez explains. However, the band has a softer, mellower side that adds dimension to the Adema sound. "So Fortunate," written about Chavez's infant son, even includes strings on the track. Next up: a musical tribute to daisies?



Skrape

Although they're based in Orlando, Florida, Skrape is no Mickey Mouse outfit. Or so they say.

"If you can't fuck or fight to it, it's no good," says drummer Will Hunt, tastemaker of the group. That "fuck, fight or forget it" litmus test was applied to the recording of the band's latest release, *Up the Dose* (RCA). Think booty shake with metal quake, heavy melodic riff-rock that would be right at home in heavy rotation with bands such as Sevendust and Godsmack, or on a video game (Skrape can be heard on Tony Hawk's *Pro Skater 4*).

Culling members from the Genitorturers, Jojo and even a Beastie Boys tribute band, Skrape came together in 1997 and made a habit of playing only the occasional gig—hitting hard, laying low and leaving the audience wanting more. They concentrated on writing and recording, the strengths of which led them to a major label contract and the release of their debut album, *New Killer America*, in 2001.

Since then, tours with Pantera, Slayer and Seo Taiji (Korea's most famous band, in case you didn't know), and some personnel changes have made Skrape a tight unit. The new lineup—Hunt, Billy Keeton (vocals), Brian Milner (guitars/vocals), Pete Sison (bass) and Randy Melser (guitar)—relishes the opportunity to perform. According to Hunt, "We love to tour. We love to play for people and meet all the crazy fuckers that we meet out on the road; and that's awesome, man. It's totally the lifestyle."



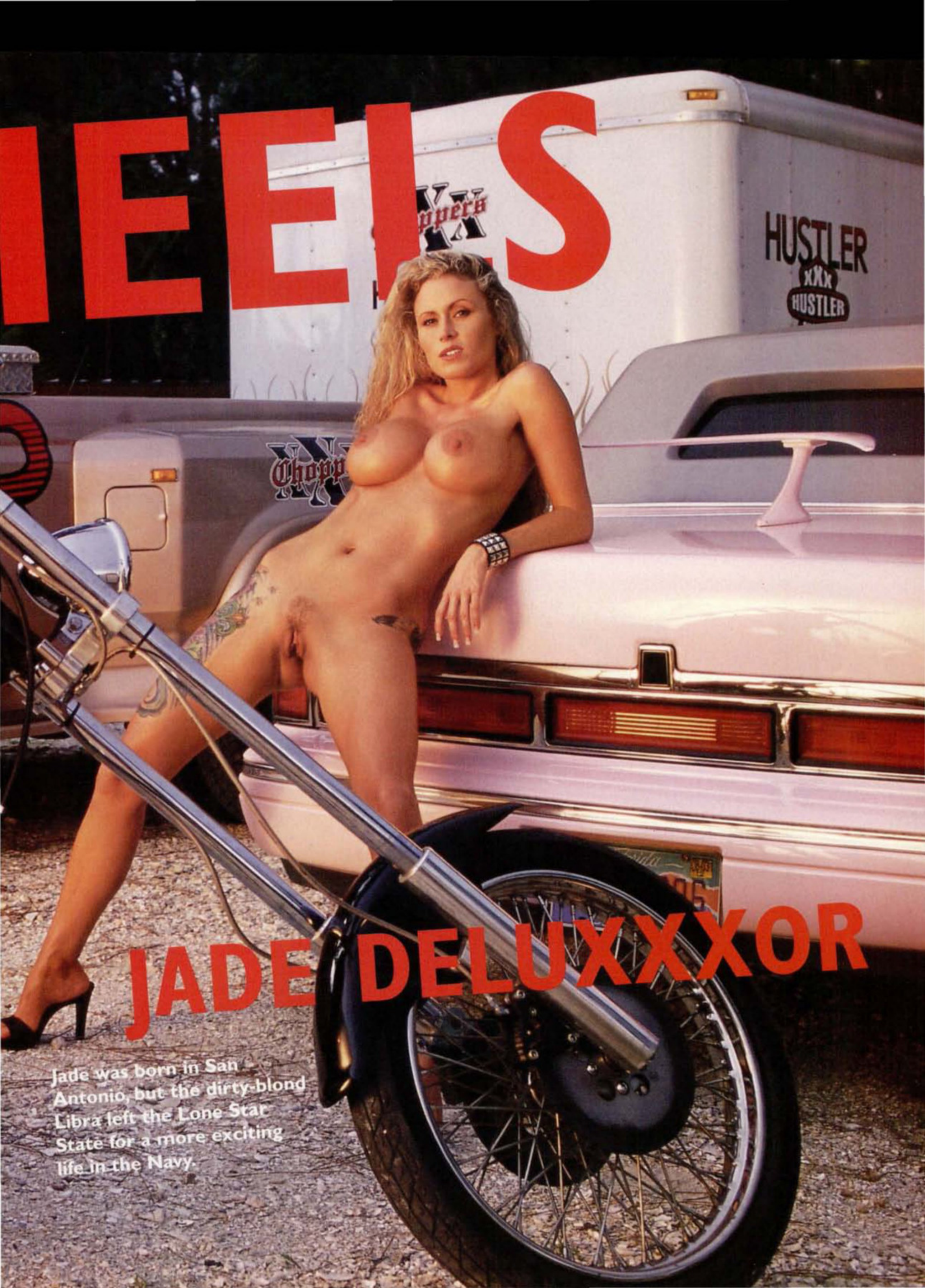
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

HOT WH

HUSTI



WHEELS



JADE DELUXXXOR

Jade was born in San Antonio, but the dirty-blond Libra left the Lone Star State for a more exciting life in the Navy.



For two years, she was stationed in San Diego and Okinawa, Japan. "I was a plane captain," the former servicewoman recalls. "I launched Bravo helicopters and performed all the inspections and maintenance."

Jade says that the coed barracks led to a virtual shock-and-awe campaign of carnality. "I would crawl into guys' rooms. It was pretty wild. People were jumping from one bed to another; it was like one big orgy," she laughs.





These days the 29-year-old's life is a bit more sedate. She lives in Florida, where she designs and sells **HUSTLER XXX** choppers and other custom-made motorcycles. For more info on the bikes, go to www.XXXChoppers.net. For more on Jade, go to www.JadeDeluxxxor.com; you'll want to ride on both of them.

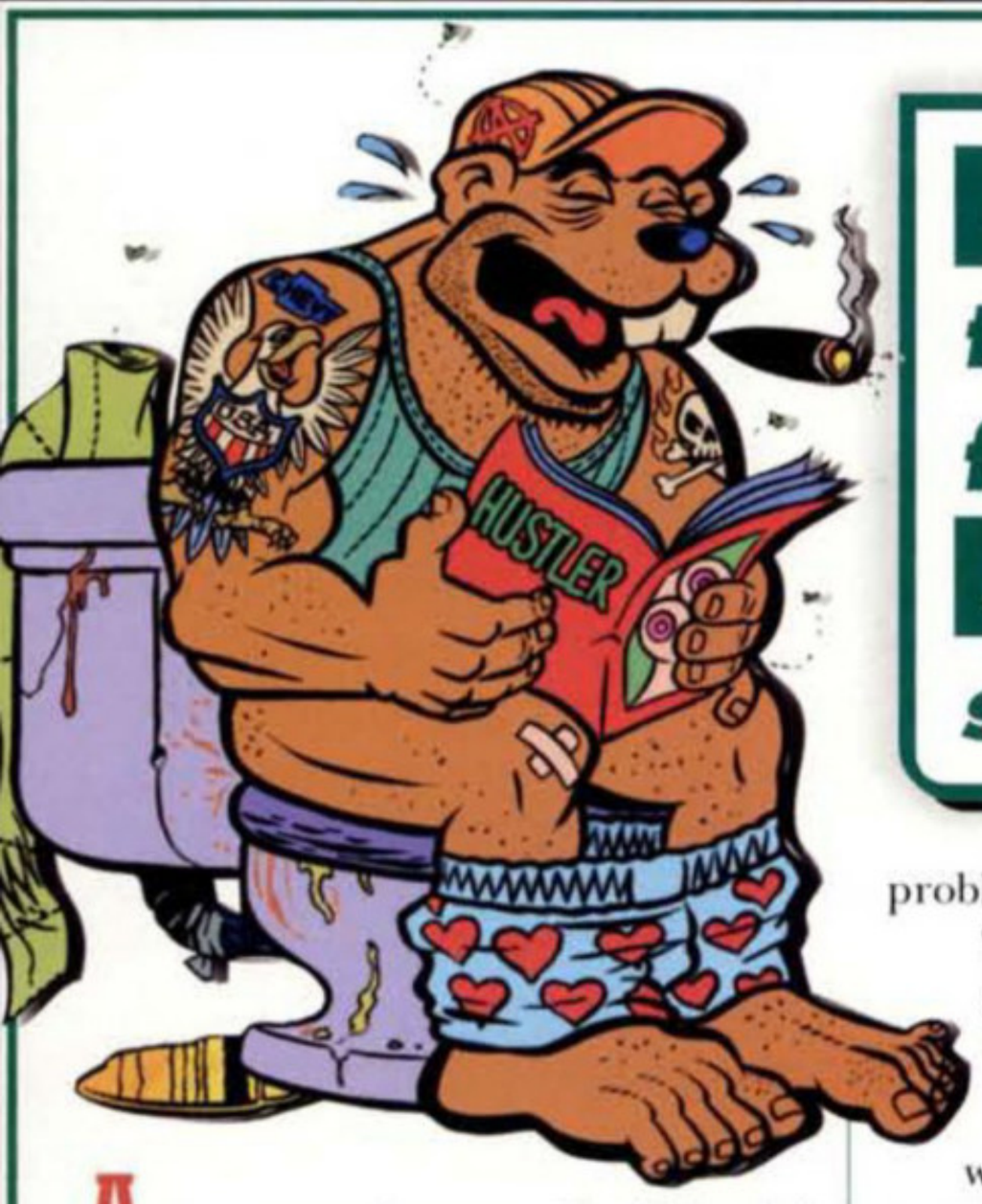

Straddl

le this! xxxooo, Jade




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Question: What's the best thing about a blowjob from an Ethiopian?
Answer: You know she'll swallow.

A guy came home to find his girlfriend packing her clothes.

"Sweetheart, what are you doing?" he inquired.

"I'm leaving you," she replied.

"How come?" he asked.

"You know why," she cried. "I'm leaving you because you're a pedophile!"

"Pedophile?" the shocked man responded. "That's a pretty big word for a nine-year-old."

Question: What do you call a woman who can suck a golf ball through a 40-foot garden hose?

Answer: Darling.

A vacationing penguin was driving through Arizona when he noticed the oil-pressure light was on. He got out to look and saw oil dripping out of the motor.

The penguin drove to the nearest town and stopped at the first gas station. After dropping the car off, the flightless bird went for a walk around town.

He saw an ice cream shop and, being an Antarctic creature in Arizona, decided that something cold would really hit the spot.

The penguin sat down to eat. Having no hands, he made a real mess trying to eat with his flippers.

After finishing the ice cream, he went back to the gas station and asked the mechanic if he'd found the problem.

The mechanic looked up from the engine and said, "It looks like you blew a seal."

"No, no," the penguin said, wiping his mouth, "it's just ice cream."

Every time the Indian chief walked into Red Cloud's tepee, he caught him masturbating.

The chief finally realized this was a serious problem; so he fixed Red Cloud up with a nice squaw.

One day after the wedding, the chief walked into the brave's tepee and saw him masturbating furiously.

"What are you doing?" the Indian chief exclaimed. "I fixed you up with a beautiful woman."

Red Cloud replied, "Her arm got tired."

Question: What do you call a gay dwarf?

Answer: A low blow.

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *organ grinder* as: Sand in your condom.

Akmed the Arab came to the United States from Afghanistan, and he had been here only a few months when he became very ill. He went to one doctor after another, but none of them could help him.

Finally, he went to an Arab practitioner who said, "Take this bucket, go into the other room, poop in the bucket, pee on the poop and then put your head down over the bucket. Make sure you breathe in the fumes for ten minutes."

So Akmed took the bucket, went into the other room, pooped in the bucket, peed on the poop, bent over and breathed in the fumes for ten minutes.

Coming back to the doctor he said, "It worked. I feel terrific! What was wrong with me?"

The doctor replied, "You were homesick."

An old cowboy went to a bar and ordered a drink. As he sat sipping his whiskey, a young lady sat down next to him. She turned to the man and asked, "Are you a real cowboy?"

"Well," he replied, "I've spent my whole life on the ranch, herding horses, mending fences and branding cattle; so I guess I am."

"I'm a lesbian," the woman replied. "I spend my whole day thinking about women. As soon as I get up in the morning, I think about women. When I shower, I think about women. As I watch TV, or even eat, I think about women. Everything seems to make me think about women."

The two sat sipping in silence. A short time later, a man sat down on the other side of the old cowboy and asked, "Are you a real cowboy?"

He replied, "I always thought I was, but I just found out I'm a lesbian."

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail jokes to hustler@lfp.com. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for $50.
Sorry—we cannot return submissions.



"Look, you got yer family values—we got ours!"

Beaver Hunt



#1 Angel

With hotties like Angel among its population, is it any wonder that San Diego has been bursting into flames lately? A 23-year-old store clerk who's clearly open to anything, Angel enjoys surfing and getting naked, and harbored a fantasy "to be in HUSTLER."

—Photo by Fiancé

Beaver Hunt



#2 Mona

Much like her partial namesake in the art world, New York City's Mona is a woman of mystery. The 34-year-old personal social worker's ominous carnal ambition involves a "high-speed chase; the rest varies." As for hobbies, Mona prefers "staying out of trouble, in good health and away from creepy people." What did we ever do to you?

—Photo by Friend

Beaver Hunt #3 Desiré



We're pretty sure that Desiré is violating the U.S. Flag Code in this picture, but we'll rise and salute her anyway. This 34-year-old boat ornament from Daytona, Florida's selfless pastime is "making my man happy by sucking his cock"; her sexual ambition is "to be fucked anally and do 69 with another woman."

—Photo by Husband



Taking the "virgin" out of Virginia, randy Roanoke resident Nichole, 24, assumes the official position of the ideal HUSTLER girl. When she's not sunbathing, swimming or traveling, the happy housewife creams over the idea of meeting a beautiful woman and having "a weekend-long sexual escapade with her and my husband at the beach."

—Photo by Husband



"I *vant* to suck your pud" seems to be the motto of Bensalem, Pennsylvania, amateur vampiress Amanda. When she's not indulging in cheerleading, volleyball and NASCAR, this 22-year-old stake stiffener considers the racy possibility of "hot sex in a stock car going 120 mph around the Talladega Super Speedway."

—Photo by Boyfriend

AMATEUR PHOTO/VIDEO CONTESTS
WIN $5,000 CASH!

Attention, ladies! Are you an amateur nudist over 18 years of age? The 2004 *Beaver Hunt* Grand Prize Competition is looking for you! Snap a few clear, color pictures, and mail them to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Every lady whose picture we print gets $350 and a chance at the 2004 Grand Prize—a photo-feature worth $5,000. Grand Prize Finalists win $1,500 each. The award for the photographer of the Grand Prize Winner is $500, and the Finalists' photographers win $250. All photographers of models appearing in *Beaver Hunt* receive a one-year subscription to HUSTLER. Fill out the model release below, and include copies of two forms of ID. Your photo, date of birth and signature must appear on the IDs (not necessarily all on the same one). All photos become the unreturnable property of L.F.P., Inc.

MODEL RELEASE/ENTRY FORM

To enter HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt* or HUSTLER *Video Beaver Hunt*, you must be 18 years of age or older, and you must fill out and send this release and copies of two forms of ID, one with photo (i.e., driver's license, passport or photo ID issued by state). Second ID can be a birth certificate, Social Security card, credit card, marriage certificate or immigration card. One ID must include your date of birth, and one must include your signature. Send photocopies, not originals. Send two or more sharply focused color prints or slides. Send videotapes in VHS format. Showing pink is optional at entry stage. All photos and videos become the unreturnable property of L.F.P., Inc., which buys all rights in perpetuity to photos and videos we purchase. Win $350 if we publish your photo, or $500 if we choose your video, and win the chance to be in an extended pictorial or feature video worth $5,000. Send photos, videos, IDs and release to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. **Contest not open to residents of Arizona.** Void where prohibited. No purchase necessary.

Please Print

Model's name

Any alias, nickname, stage or pro name

Name to be published

Date of birth **Phone** (include area code)

Model's Social Security number

Address

City **State** **Zip**

Personal e-mail address **Occupation**

Hobbies

Sexual fantasies (include separate sheet if necessary)

Model's legal signature (use separate sheets for more than one model) **Date** (month/date/year)

Warning: Anyone signing this release form other than the model will be subject to monetary damages and/or criminal prosecution. I declare under penalty of perjury that all of the information I have given above is true and correct.

Note: Prize money sent to model only.

In consideration of $350 for photographs or $500 for a video, I grant to L.F.P., Inc. all rights of every kind whatsoever, whether now known or unknown, exclusively and perpetually, in any submitted photographs of myself (the "Images"). Without limiting the generality of the foregoing, and in addition thereto, I further grant to L.F.P., Inc., and its affiliates and assigns, the following perpetual and exclusive rights: (1) to copyright, copy or reproduce, by any present or future means, all or any part of the Images; (2) to exhibit, sell, assign and transmit, and license others to do so (whether by means of still photographs, magazines, newspapers, radio, television, televised motion pictures, videodiscs, videocassettes, videotapes, computer, CD-ROM, Internet transmission or any other means now known or unknown) any or all of the Images; (3) to use the Images in connection with advertising as well as for commercial exploitation, including, without limitation, in magazines, newspapers, books, one-sheets, flyers, catalogs, and covers or wrappers of recordings, discs, CD-ROMs, tapes and/or cassettes, and in connection with the sale of any by-products or merchandising; (4) to use the Images, or any parts thereof, as a portion of a motion picture or other work (and for the advertising thereof) and in connection with the sale of any by-products or merchandise relating thereto, and to reproduce and/or transmit the same by and in any and all media; and (5) to edit, add to, subtract from, arrange, rearrange, distort and revise the Images in any manner as L.F.P., Inc. may, in its sole and complete discretion, determine, from time to time. I certify that I was 18 years of age or older at the time my photographs and/or video footage were shot, and that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

WIN $350



"My ultimate sexual fantasy would be that I'm the hot Catholic schoolgirl, who after class sits spread-eagle on my teacher's desk as he eats my sweet pussy until I climax all over his face," writes Anna, 21, from Detroit. She also enjoys water sports, biking and horseback riding, and is studying to be a beautician, but we suspect that you're too busy cleaning up right now to read this.

—Photo by Friend



No, Janne; the loose change is between the *couch* cushions! When she's not practicing to be a furniture model, 22-year-old Janne enjoys "playing with toys." The slender enchantress from Tulsa, Oklahoma, brags that "I know what I want, and I know how to get it."

—Photo by Friend



We imagine that airport security checks are hell for Kandy in this post-9/11 world, but her keen coordination of lip adornment makes it all worth it. A 22-year-old exotic dancer from Syracuse, New York, Kandy melts over the idea of "having another woman make me come."

—Photo by Friend

Beaver Hunt



#9 Christy

One look at Atlanta nymph Christy, and we know why the South is always promising to rise again. When she's not indulging her sweet tooth, this 24-year-old waitress enjoys "love sports," cleaning and shopping.
—Photo by Friend

Beaver Hunt



#10 Babydoll

If you've heard any explosions in Waco, Texas, lately, don't blame the ATF; it's probably just the local gents blowing their loads over Babydoll. The 24-year-old Lone Star filly didn't mention her occupation, but does note that "I love being creative, using many different positions. I love foreplay. I am spontaneous, and I'm not shy about getting myself off." Works for us.
—Photo by Friend

Beaver Hunt



#11 Janette

Like every good maid, Janette has her own special method for accessing hard-to-reach crevices. A "fine-ass mom of four," this 26-year-old from Aurora, Colorado, likes "sex, raising kids and having fun," and hopes to someday have "sex under a waterfall" and "public sex."
—Photo by Husband



Female Fight Club

The Underground World of Girl-on-Girl Brawling

Bitch-Slapping With **Tim Kenneally**
Photography by Ladi von Jansky

The hand-scrawled sign taped to the wall outside the industrial building in a particularly shabby section of downtown Los Angeles reads, simply, BOX. The curt verbiage is most likely just an attempt to direct attendees to the clandestine goings-on inside, while maintaining a low-key demeanor to discourage the uninvited, but it also serves as an apt, if unintentional, double entendre. The space within does, in fact, bring to mind a giant, cement-and-drywall cunt. The air, already heavy from the late-summer humidity, is pungent with girl secretions (specifically, sweat) and male anticipation; and the entire place is ready to gush forth with blood, as the assemblage ramps itself up for a wholesome afternoon of watching women beat the shit out of each other.

This is the ninth in an ongoing series of events staged by Extreme Chick Fights, an underground enterprise that developed in early 2003 out of backyard boxing matches where, as event organizer Marie notes, "the spectators usually acted as the ring." The bouts may have grown more organized since then—besides a bonafide ring, a Web site (ExtremeChickFights.com) offers clips of the knock-down-drag-out brawls, and a DVD was recently released—but the central tenet remains unchanged. None of the female combatants can have professional boxing experience. Opponents are recruited from ads in weekly newspapers and Internet message boards. This ensures a girl-next-door quality in the participants and a tragicomic unpredictability in the proceedings, as sometimes woefully underprepared brawlers are literally knocked down a few pegs from their delusions of toughness.

For the male observer, the allure is obvious. "Guys like to see women fight," shrugs Jolene Guerra, a/k/a Venus, a petite, exotic Santa Ana, California, resident. More precisely, men revel in the notion of watching females turn on each other with a physical manifestation of the psychic abuse they usually reserve for the cock-bearing gender. (And if a tit should pop out in the heat of battle, so much the better.) The motivation for the distaff participants is equally apparent. "Money," says Venessa Dead Angel, née Venessa Komocar, a Hollywood denizen who notes that she'll "probably get my ass kicked." (She does.) This impetus is echoed almost unanimously by the fighters, though the purses are relatively paltry. The prizes range from $35 for the loss of a bout with gloves and headgear to $275 if one should triumph in four rounds of bare-knuckled "street fighting," where pretty much anything but hair-pulling and scratching is fair game. Even this top award could be wiped out if the day's activities should require an emergency-room visit for stitches, let alone a CAT



Tai (left) and Sasha duke it out.











Judy Juicy, ready to burst.

scan, but apparently these chicks deem the risk worthy. Finally, a silver lining to the dismal Bush economy!

Marie, the organizer, naturally sees a nobler intent, pointing to the high percentage of womb-wielding warriors who get beaten down, only to return for future bouts. "It has to be more than the money; there are a lot of things you could do to make the little bit of money that's paid," notes the Don King of the estrogen set. "I think a lot of girls come back again and again because it's competitive. I guess they feel a sense of accomplishment."

No matter; when the first match commences, the palpable blood-lust trumps all pondering. The aforementioned Venus goes up against Freddie, a 5-1, 110-pound Asian filly whose hair is adorned with purple streaks to match her tank top. Both opponents approach each other with a look of steely determination. As fists fly, a keen eye detects erect nipples protruding through the sheer fabric of the fighters' shirts, despite the day's sweltering heat. ("We attract a lot of lesbians," Marie notes.) In the end, Freddie's pugilistic prowess proves as solid as her color-coordination skills. The yellow-skinned hellion rains a flurry of punches on her prey and, one minute and 37 seconds into the first round, Venus drops to one knee and bows out in ignominious defeat.

While satisfying, the bout serves as a mere appetizer to the day's first street fight, which pits transplanted New Yorker Thundercat (real name: Tisa), 5-8 and 135 pounds of sinewy, mocha-colored woman-flesh, against Diamond, a blond, New Jersey-bred honkette who, at 5-3 and 141 pounds, is decidedly less athletic than her competitor. In an earlier conversation, Thundercat had revealed that she hadn't particularly trained for the bout, but, "Growing up on the streets of New York, you had to do a lot of fighting." She also copped to jitters, "but it's a good nervous. I hate the whole waiting game; I like to get in there and, 'Let's go!' "

This eagerness is evident as the whistle blows for the first round. Thundercat leaps pantherlike from her corner. Delivering an onslaught of gloveless blows, it takes her all of 17 hair-raising seconds to open up a gash above Diamond's left eyebrow and send her quivering from the ring, blood gushing from her forehead, splattering her chest and white shirt. In an instant, any potential for the "tee-hee" cutesiness of, say, strip-club oil wrestling has been removed from the day. We have entered the realm of the brutal, the gory, the truly groin-swelling.

Another street fight follows immediately, featuring the previously mentioned Venessa Dead Angel and her oppo-



Venessa Dead Angel (right) fixes Laika's hair.

nent, Laika, a 5-2, 135-pound Filipina. The latter, an ROTC member who hopes to ultimately join the JAG Corps, clearly came to play. Venessa, by contrast, in her black cap and miniskirt, looks as if she's heading to the mall for a Hot Topic shopping spree. Any doubt as to Venessa's fate is erased when Laika asks, in response to the ref's "any questions?" query, "Can I kick?" She can, and she does, greeting Venessa's flailing girlie slaps with a bone-crushing whirlwind of feet and fists that leaves the little fashion plate with a broken nose and a devastated ego.

"Laika, you like ta whip her ass!" taunts DJ Mark X, the event's emcee. "She made her look like a runaway slave!"

An ensuing bout between 19-year-old gal-pals MJ Smoker and MC Blaze proves even more gratifying. At first glance, the pair doesn't seem like much; slightly doughy, they've spent most of the day sucking down cigarettes, and earlier announced that they prepped for the fight by "not watching as much TV and trying to be outside more." Inside the ring, though, they proffer a frenzied exchange of punches and gyno-rage. Fatigue sets in, but by round two MJ Smoker is reinvigorated, pummeling her buddy with a cascade of head blows. This changes, however, when MC Blaze delivers a shot to the gut, sending the blond MJ Smoker rushing to her corner. The straw-haired bruiser empties about a gallon of what looks like radiator coolant from her stomach, a few drops incidentally making their way into a bucket. Her insides purged, Smoker proceeds to whip the living shit out of her chum, rendering her a limp, barely standing mess, and eventually wins by way of a decision.

The day's main event, a street fight, features Amazon, a repeat customer and something of a legend in this circle. She's a startling sight: black, bald and, at 5-5 and 137 pounds, muscular to the point that her gender is not immediately evident. She first came to the attention of the Extreme Chick Fights crew when she sent them an e-mail containing a nude photo of herself, with the message, "I'm Amazon, the warrior." Contemplating that image before the bout begins, one isn't sure whether to be aroused or terrified.

Her opponent, Judy Juicy, tips the scales at 170 pounds and utilizes her weight advantage early, jumping Amazon and dragging her down. The two morph into a flailing tangle of limbs, writhing and rolling across the mat until they spill out of the ring. They climb back in and throw each other against the ropes. Amazon lands a series of lightning-fast uppercuts; Judy claws at her adversary, nearly ripping Amazon's shirt off in an attempt to gain some kind of hold. By the end of the first round, tempers are obviously heated.

"Let's finish this shit!" Judy fumes from her corner, her substantial frame vibrating with adrenalized rage.

She soon gets her wish, though with undesired results. The second round begins, and they hit the mat again, kicking and punching all the way down. Their serpentine tangle is broken when Amazon lands a head shot that opens a cut above Judy's left eyelid. Judiciously, the hefty pug bows out, granting a TKO to Amazon just seconds into round two.

The crowd rushes to engulf the victor, extending congratulations and expressing awe. Judy, slumped on her stool, tries to catch her breath and piece together what just occurred. The agony of defeat is apparent in her eyes (especially the swollen one), but she shouldn't feel too bad. She is, after all, sweaty, slumped over and slathered in Vaseline—in short, exactly the way a woman should be.

* * *

Career alcoholic and chronic masturbator Tim Kenneally is HUSTLER's Managing Editor. He has also written for *Spin*, *High Times*, *Guitar Player* and *SF Weekly*.



Game On

Grab your joystick; HUSTLER plugs you into the latest video games.

by Gus Mastrapa

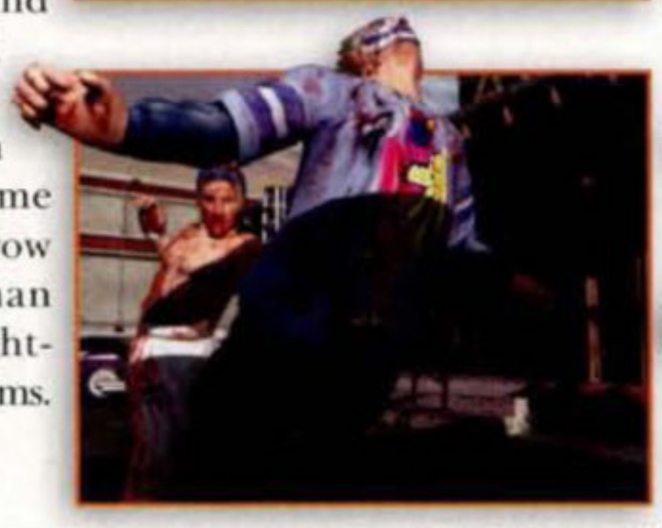
Backyard Wrestling: Don't Try This at Home

Eidos
(PlayStation2/Xbox)



Backyard Wrestling is the digital love child of *Jackass* and the WWE. Combatants go *mano a mano* in suburban settings, talk-show studios and strip bars. Fighters wield nasty weapons such as barbed wire, baseball bats and light bulbs against their opponents. With generous helpings of tits and ass, realistic wound effects and characters, and music from the Insane Clown Posse, this game is sure to throw Joe Lieberman into self-righteous paroxysms.





Max Payne 2: The Fall of Max Payne

Rockstar
(PC/PlayStation2/Xbox):

Max Payne was the first game to utilize Bullet Time, a feature that allows players to slow down the game play and use the breathing room to cap enemies with the accuracy of an action-movie hero. This sequel, dubbed "a film noir love story," updates this technology and places Max in a romantic entanglement with a sexy murder suspect. Expect a bigger, more cinematic experience than the first game, and don't count on a happy ending.





Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon

Ubi Soft
(GameBoy Advance/ PlayStation2/Xbox)

Ang Lee's Academy Award-winning martial-arts epic is a logical choice for a digital actioner. Who hasn't dreamed of being able to defy gravity and unleash deadly kung-fu fury while the sweet refrains of cellist Yo-Yo Ma swell in the background? Four of the movie's kickass characters are playable, including Asian film legend Chow Yun Fat.





Beyond Good & Evil

Ubi Soft
(GameCube/PC/PlayStation2/Xbox)



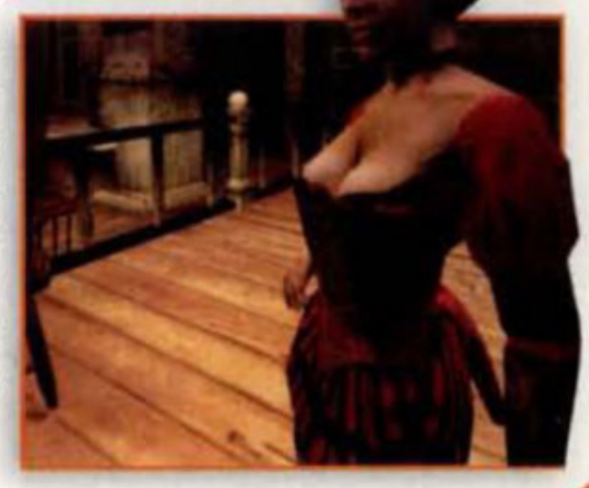
A vast government conspiracy has been devised to sway popular opinion in favor of an ongoing war. Sound familiar? *Beyond Good & Evil* takes place on the planet Hyllis, where alien invasions are organized to keep citizens happy with the occupying forces that defend the planet. You play Jade, a photojournalist who uses her wits, weaponry and shutterbug skills to uncover the plot and set the record straight.



Dead Man's Hand

Atari
(Xbox)

Ever notice that 90% of video games are either science fiction- or fantasy-themed? *Dead Man's Hand* busts out of the realm of laser guns and magic wands by throwing players into the middle of a spaghetti Western. We're talking six-guns, rifles, mustachioed villains, dusty saloons and two-dollar whores. Oater fans can grab some friends and stage their own standoff in a four-player, split-screen match or take on yellow-bellied, online opponents through Xbox Live.



FRENCH TART

KATSUMI

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
LAURENT SKY



She might look like she's from the Orient, but 24-year-old Katsumi was actually born in Annecy, a French village near the Swiss border. "It's a beautiful place that everyone should visit when they come to France," the exotic sexpot smiles. Growing up, this heady Aries planned on becoming a professor, and studied political science and literature. Some of her favorite authors include Baudelaire, Zola, Edgar Allen Poe and Stephen King. As for turn-offs, the discriminating filly notes, "I don't like Spanish men. They stink. I mean, *bad* BO. But French guys are fine, thanks to our wonderful perfumes." Of course, if they'd just wash, they wouldn't *need* perfumes.



















Katsumi surrenders to lust in BARELY LEGAL #39 and CAMPUS CONFESSIONS #7 on VHS and DVD from HUSTLER Video. Call (877) 325-6464 or visit www.ShopHUSTLER.com to order.

JENNA TALES

ADVENTURES IN THE SKIN TRADE WITH JENNA JAMESON



What's up, guys? Let me begin by saying that I have some wonderful news. My company, ClubJenna Inc., just signed a deal with Pleasure Productions contract girl Krystal Steale to run her Web site and Internet activities. She's a true California girl who was born and raised in Orange County. She used to be a topless dancer, but made the transition into the wonderful world of XXX in 2001. (Regular readers will recall Krystal's spectacular cover and photo-spread for the July 2003 HUSTLER.) I think Krystal is one of the most incredible new talents the adult industry has seen in years, and at the tender age of 20, she has a fabulous future ahead of her!

Someone recently asked me whom my favorite person to work with is. Hands down and legs spread, that would have to be Brianna Banks. That girl is so beautiful and has no inhibitions whatsoever. She does things you guys couldn't even imagine. During our scene together in *My Plaything With Jenna Jameson*, we had these huge vaginal beads and decided to put them up her butt instead of her pussy. I swear to God, they were as big as tennis balls. I put four up her ass, and when I tried to pull them out, I couldn't! I actually had to put my foot on her ass for leverage. I tugged so hard that they came flying out. It was completely insane; I felt like King Arthur pulling the sword from the stone! I have so much respect for any woman that loves sex *that* much to endure that kind of pain.

Seeing as how my mailbag is about ready to burst, I thought I'd select a letter from one of my loyal fans. Here's one that grabbed my attention. Pete, from Delphos, Ohio, writes, "I'm one of your biggest fans, Jenna. I have masturbated to your videos, magazine spreads and your vibrating pussy many times. You are, by far, my all-time favorite porn star. I'd give anything in the world to meet you in person. If I might make a suggestion, I'd love to see you with Tabitha Stevens in HUSTLER sometime."

Thanks, Pete. You never know, perhaps I'll work with Tabitha in the future: so be sure to check out upcoming issues of HUSTLER. In the meantime, watch out for the release of my next film, *Devil in Miss Jones*, by Vivid Video. The sex scenes are so hot!

If there's anything you would like to see in the next installment of my column, don't hesitate to write to me. I love getting mail from fans all over the world; it makes me feel so good inside! Just drop me a line at:

Jenna Tales
c/o HUSTLER Magazine
8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900
Beverly Hills, CA 90211

See you soon!



XoXo,
Jenna

EROTIC ENTERTAINMENT

Edited by **Randy Haberek**



Ass Slaves: *Ashley: "Seriously, Alaura, your ass looks just fine."*



Ass Slaves: *Ashley Blue: "My mouth or her ass. Make up your mind."*



Ass Slaves: *Ciera performs her impression of a cream-filled doughnut.*

Ass Slaves

Directed by Pat Myne.
Starring Elizabeth Heeps, Alaura Eden, Ashley Blue, Ashley Long, Renee Pornero, Ciera Sage, Pascal Pouschat, Mark Ashley, Lee Stone and Dave Hardman.
Videocassette: Metro.

Ass Slaves promotes the popularity of the pooper through a series of rod-stiffening, inspirational vignettes directed by Pat Myne. Lee Stone flips Ashley Long upside-down to lap her labia while she engulfs his tube steak with unabashed fervor. Czech fuck pet Renee Pornero plays with her protruding pussy and crams four digits into her browneye before it's vigorously poked by some lucky stiff's cock. Myne makes terrific use of the frame; the male performer's presence is minimized to the point where you'd believe the mooks are involved in the witness protection program, as it should be. Blond bimbo Ciera Sage is at her hottest as she spews out obscenities like a drunken sailor on shore leave while her crap hatch is sprayed with splooge. Ashley Blue and Alaura Eden close out the proceedings with an ATM threeway fuckfest that could raise the pole of a blind paraplegic. Without question, *Ass Slaves* captivates the loins of cornhole enthusiasts. ***—Stewart Wallace***

Guess the Gape

Fancy yourself a crap-hatch connoisseur? Match the distended anus to its rightful owner and win the satisfaction of knowing that you're a sick, sick human being.

(Answers below)



A



Jessica Darlin



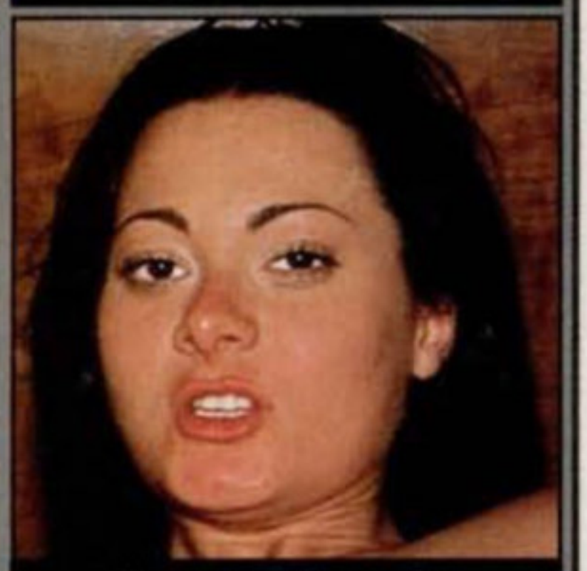
B



Michelle Wild



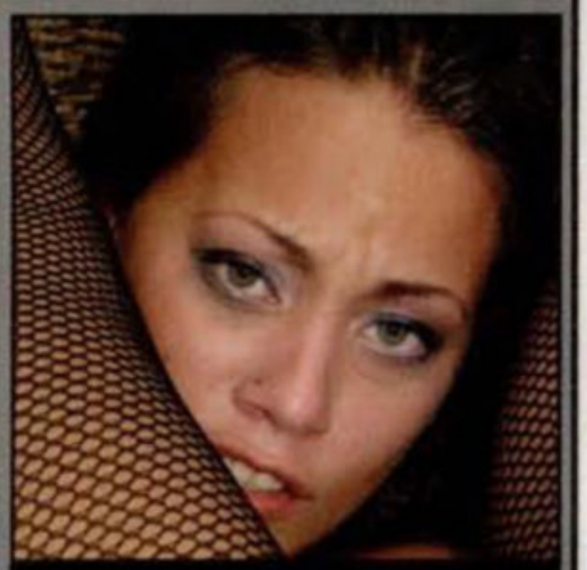
C



Sandra Romain



D



Malorie Marx

Answers: A) Malorie Marx B) Jessica Darlin C) Michelle Wild D) Sandra Romain



The Ozporns Go to Hell: *Sindee Coxx: "No, you may not call me Randy while you fuck me."*





Compulsion: *Ashley Long, amateur Alice Cooper impersonator.*

The Ozporns Go to Hell: *Angel Long and Nikita Denise prepare to reenact the infamous bat incident.*





P.O.V.: Up Close and Personal: *Tuesdae hits the sac after a long day on the set.*



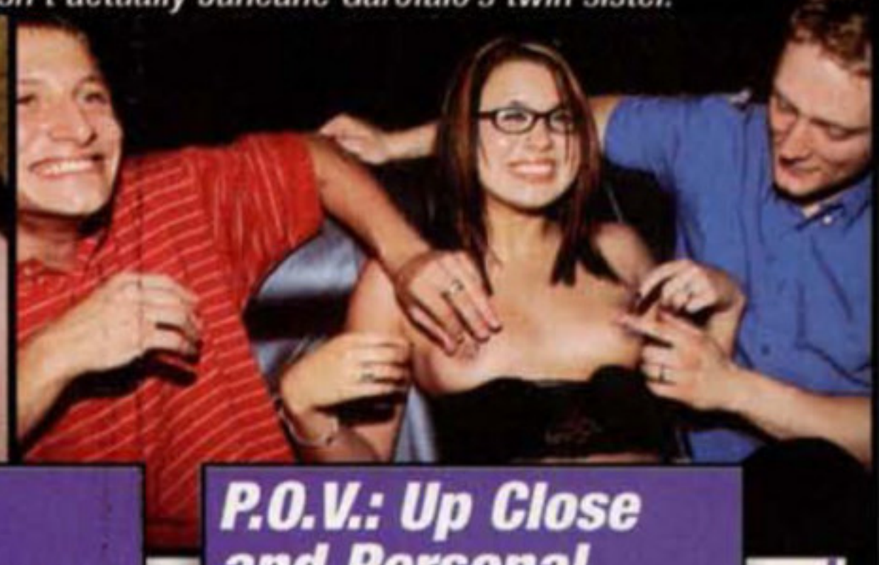
Compulsion: *Ava Vincent reacts to Kurt Lockwood's sudden donkey punch.*



P.O.V.: Up Close and Personal: *Fallon: "My keys aren't back there, are they?"*



Shane's World College Invasion #2: Spring Break: *Talia's performance receives high marks.*



Shane's World College Invasion #2: Spring Break: *Mr. Pete and Clarke discover that Angelina isn't actually Janeane Garofalo's twin sister.*

The Ozporns Go to Hell

Directed by Antonio Passolini.
Starring Tawny Roberts, Nikita Denise, Sindee Coxx, Rachel Rotten, Tina Tyler, Rob Rotten, Baz, Cheyne Collins, Cameron Cain, Jessica Drake, Angel Long, Rick Roberts, Barret Blade and Eric Masterson.
Videocassette: VCA Pictures.

The Ozporns Go to Hell is the second installment from XXX's favorite dysfunctional family/reality-TV parody. After a stressful year during which daughter Fiona Ozporn (the tasty Tawny Roberts) confesses that she's turned lesbian, Izzy (Baz) decides to take the family on a trip across the country in a beat-up motor home in an effort to cure Fiona of her affliction. Engine trouble forces them to spend the night in a funky desert motel filled with sex-starved freaks who give the Ozporns a run for their money. After a series of sexcapades, including Baz ramming his stiff salami into Sindee Coxx's honeypot, Fiona returns to her heterosexual self courtesy of a boning from grease-monkey gigolo Barret Blade. A winning combination of humor interspersed with white-hot, ball-draining scenes makes the *The Ozporns Go to Hell* well worth the journey.

—S. W.

Shane's World College Invasion #2: Spring Break

Directed by Uncredited.
Starring Calli Cox, Daisy, Talia, Fallon, Flower, Angelina, Texxx, Mr. Pete, Clarke, Kurt and Bret.
Videocassette: Shane's World/New Sensations.

In the latest edition of the *College Invasion* series, the crew of *Shane's World* hits the beaches of Cancun and an L.A.-based campus during Spring Break. Their mission: to find horny coeds willing to put down the beer bong long enough to get handjobs from hostesses Calli Cox and Talia. The debauchery begins in a Los Angeles dorm room, where four volunteers are given swimming goggles and measuring cups for the first challenge. Flower, a hot blonde with bountiful tits, crams a dildo up her cooch and squirts as the guys clamor to catch her precious pussy juice; the contestant who collects the most liquid wins a handjob. Further on, Angelina, an 18-year-old student, takes one for the team, allowing Clarke and Mr. Pete to give her moist slit the twice-over. *College Invasion #2* is not as great as its predecessor, but it accurately captures the essence of the modern coed. God help us all.

—S. W.

Compulsion

Directed by Axel Braun.
Starring Ashley Long, Ava Vincent, Avy Scott, Katrina Kraven, Rachel Rotten, Renee Pornero, Ramona Luv, Aria, Flick Shagwell, Gia Jordan, Mr. Bigg, Rob Rotten, Mickey G., Jack Spade, Jay Ashley, Robert April, Patrick Collins, Dennis Marti and Kurt Lockwood.
Videocassete: Elegant Angel.

Compulsion is a mesmerizing, stylish and ambitious achievement in filmmaking for director Axel Braun. It's also a milestone for Elegant Angel, as this is the first feature shot on film in the company's history. It's a tale of a crime-lord father (Patrick Collins) who is betrayed when his son bones his own wife, played by Ashley Long. Long sizzles on the screen with a mixture of class and filthiness found in few XXX starlets today. The son, played by newcomer Kurt Lockwood, is blessed with the ability to fuck the shit out of seasoned veterans such as Ava Vincent while delivering lines with such intensity that you'd swear he studied at the porn equivalent of Lee Strasberg's institute. With a storyline intriguing enough to prevent the fingers from reaching for the fast-forward button, coupled with blistering sex scenes, *Compulsion* is a noteworthy gem in a sea of subpar stroke fare.

—S. W.

P.O.V.: Up Close and Personal

Directed by Yani Z.
Starring Tuesdae, Stella, Melody Magic, Monica Sweetheart, Niki Belucci and Fallon Sommers.
Videocassette and DVD: DVSX.

P.O.V.: Up Close and Personal clocks in at two hours, with six scenes and six different girls to choose from. If you don't like one, you've got five more, such as barely legal honeys Monica Sweetheart and Fallon Sommers. Euro-whore newcomer Stella plays with her all-natural milk pillows before grinding her succulent ass all over a stunt cock. The feisty feline skips the blowjob and immediately spreads her swollen pussy lips to accommodate man-muscle. Although the camera angles in *P.O.V.* are a bit distracting at times, the video won't leave you holding a limp dick in your hand. Tuesdae is a petite blonde with tiny tits and a bronzed body, hairless pussy and perfectly puckered bunghole. Raven-haired Euroslut Melody Magic can hardly wait to get into bed; so she wraps her lips around her scenemate's tube steak in the elevator prior to being stuffed with salami. With *P.O.V.*, you get the best seat in the house and no man-ass to get in the way.

—S. W.



Debbie Does Dallas: The Revenge: *Sunrise and Nicole know that eating ain't cheating.*



Sex Tape Scandal: *Melinda, former hand model?*





Sex Tape Scandal: *Drimla: "Let me know if you find my missing ring in there."*

Something Wicked

Directed by Cash Markman.
Starring Krystal Steale, Tina Cheri, Lezley Zen, Phoenix Ray, Jessica Dee, Randy Spears, Herschel Savage, Tony Tedeschi, Monty and Dick Smothers Jr.
Videocassette: Pleasure Productions.

In *Something Wicked*, Randy Spears plays Nick, a cynical bloke who is hired to keep a wealthy nightclub owner's wife out of trouble with the patrons. The root of Nick's problem is that the woman in question, aptly named Temptation, is played by *über*-slut Krystal Steale. Who wouldn't be tempted? Spears's watchful eye observes Steale in a variety of crotch-stiffening scenarios, such as a strap-on/vibrator dykefest with tow-headed tramp Phoenix Ray, who willingly takes the dildo up her gash after vibrating Steale into a frenzy. As one would expect, Spears finally succumbs to Steale's cock-teasing and allows her to slurp his schlong before a wild, reverse-cowgirl ride in the woods. As Spears covers her melons with man-goo, Steale prophetically warns him that he'll die for his actions. With access to a pussy grip as tight as a vise, he's willing to take the chance and pays the ultimate price in *Something Wicked*. **—S. W.**

Debbie Does Dallas: The Revenge

Directed by Paul Thomas.
Starring Sunrise Adams, Jesse V, Olivia Saint, Nicole Sheridan, Lezley Zen, Rebecca Love, Jordan Haze, Olivia Del Rio, Chris Cannon, Eric Masterson, Voodoo, Frankie, Lance Banger and Evan Stone.
DVD and Videocassette: Vivid Video.

Scorching-hot blond bombshell Sunrise Adams tackles the most famous porn role of all time and makes it her own in *Debbie Does Dallas: The Revenge*. Shot on film in homage to the original classic, the flick lives up to its predecessor's legendary rep with an all-star cast and gritty, spectacular, over-the-top sex scenes. Busty fuck kitten Olivia Del Rio and Evan Stone have to literally ice down Sunrise's pillowy tits and dripping-wet pussy during their fiery threeway. A scene featuring perfect-ten hump puppet Nicole Sheridan and a nude mud-wrestling sequence with dark-haired hardbody Lezley Zen lube the way for Sunrise's boy/girl grand finale, which takes place on a merry-go-round with splooge flying everywhere. Platinum-blond nymph Olivia Saint plays the best-friend role to a wet T. Sunrise is front and center, but *Debbie Does Dallas: The Revenge* is a first-rate group effort. **—Jimmy Papagiorgio**

Sex Tape Scandal

Directed by Patrick Handsome.
Starring Angel, Chrystal, Melinda, Drimla, Vanda, Trinity, Lucy, David Perry, Bob Terminator, JPX, Jasuka and Ricardo Bell.
DVD and Videocassette: HUSTLER Video.

Sex Tape Scandal is a fast-paced thriller with a plot skimpier than a thong. So little story happens between bonings that anyone following along will have to wait for the inevitable second volume—which action fans who love gorgeous blondes with ripe asses and blow-me lips will be anticipating with dicks in hand. Coppery-blond cum queen Chrystal tones her tight bod with a pre-fuck workout before taking a load of jizz on her angelic face. Suddenly, suck-happy trollop Angel has her crimson lips wrapped around cock while Bob Terminator punches all her holes. Spunky Melinda leads two other sex bombs through an insane orgy that makes prim blond secretary Trinity wet for an ass-hammering that twists her browneye into the size of a softball. Brunet babe Lucy also surrenders her sphincter, lifting her leg during an ass blast for a true doggy-style dung-chute drubbing. *Sex Tape Scandal* leaves viewers gasping and violently shaking their heads. **—J. P.**

Fresh New Faces #2

Directed by Michael Stephano.
Starring Dani Woodward, Victoria, Sophia, Janet Taylor, Mason Storm, Toni Ribas, Michael Stephano, Ben English and Pascal St. James.
DVD: Platinum X Pictures.

Fresh New Faces #2 is the ultimate showcase for red-hot, barely legal fuck bunny Dani Woodward. The 19-year-old nympho has more than a dozen sizzling skin flicks under her hip-hugging belt, and she outdoes herself with each new performance. Mookish mastermind Michael Stephano bangs three of the five chicks himself (including Dani), but does throw Ben English an anal bone with skinny punk-rock sweetheart Victoria. Ben's cock is bigger than her forearm, but she crams it down her throat repeatedly between ass stabbings. Stephano also enlists the aid of Toni Ribas to satisfy Sophia, a top-heavy slut who craves two cocks in her twat. Stephano's egotism comes in handy when he points the camera down for a heavenly first-person shot of Woodward slurping his cock. *Fresh New Faces #2* is essential viewing for all Dani Woodward fans—a/k/a anyone with a pulse. **—J. P.**



Fresh New Faces #2: *Dani and Michael Stephano engage in primal scream therapy.*

Fresh New Faces #2: *Dani: "Look, Mom, no cavities!"*



Something Wicked: *Krystal: "Relax, Phoenix. This won't hurt a bit."*



Debbie Does Dallas: The Revenge: *Sunrise has always been fond of horses.*

Something Wicked: *Herschel Savage is impressed with Lezley Zen's flexibility.*



PORN-STAR MARRIAGE
A SURVIVAL GUIDE

by Scott Fayner

Every average guy, whether he cops to it or not, dreams of banging a professional fucker. I know this is true because I was one of you for a long fucking time. I've since moved up to the rank of porn-star boyfriend, and have gone so far as to ask my young XXX beauty, Taylor Rain, to become my wife this January in Las Vegas. Of course I'm aware that our life together won't be endless blue skies, but I have garnered a few bits of wisdom that will make my existence as a scum-screen spouse a relatively smooth one. And, because catering doesn't come cheap, I'm willing to share that wisdom with you, in the event that you ever find yourself in my position—which you won't.

Herewith are a few key pointers to staying happy when your wife makes her living by stuffing multiple dicks into the same mouth she comes home and kisses you with:

1) It's just a job. Many of these smut sluts entered the business out of desperation. They most likely would rather be doing something else besides absorbing abuse from massive dicks on a soiled mattress. Keep that in mind when you're seething over how much "fun" she's having screwing other guys at work.

2) Don't make demands. Dictating what your porn babe can do on film and with whom she can do it will sever your all-night anal antics faster than you can say, "Christ, I'm a moron." As long as she's making the payment on your Escalade, she's making the rules. Live with it.

3) Sex isn't everything. Your chick may fuck for a living, but that doesn't mean you're free to mount her at will. There's a right time and a wrong time. Wiggling your johnson in her face minutes after she comes home from a gang-bang shoot is not a good idea for either of you. Unless you're into licking vile cum from her face. Trust the voice of experience on this one.



Taylor Rain: The bride wore fishnets and a cock in her ass.

There it is. Happy hunting.

Scott Fayner writes for LukeFord.com and has no idea what he's getting himself into.



Total Exposure: *Ashley Long knows that the boys in da hood are always hard.*



Jesse Jane: Erotique: *Jesse attempts to crank-start Renee.*



Sky's Perversions #2: *Sky: "Sushi, anyone?"*



Jesse Jane: Erotique: *Jesse's performance was a big hit at the 2nd Annual Mime Convention.*



Total Exposure: *Mia Smiles rehearses for open-mike night.*

Jesse Jane: Erotique

Directed by Nic Andrews.
Starring Jesse Jane, Ashley Long, Aria, Renee Pornero, Belladonna, Jessica Jaymes, Felicia Fox, Amber Lynn, Nikki Loren, Monique Alexander, Mark Davis, Barret Blade and Richard Delaware.
Videocassette: Digital Playground.

As one might guess from the Frenchified subtitle, *Jesse Jane: Erotique* is chock-full of artsy-fartsy camera tricks and a throbbing techno soundtrack that drowns out all the sweaty grunts and moans. But raincoaters take note: Underneath the glossy sheen, the action is surprisingly rough and scorching. The video's titular sperm-catcher, seductive blonde Jesse Jane, works hard to earn above-the-title credit. First she reams a dykish-looking Belladonna with a strap-on, then she thrashes on Richard Delaware's tube steak in front of a crowd of applauding masqueraders. Apparently competing in some kind of sexual marathon, Jesse further bones Mark Davis after writhing around in bed for a while and has a scorching desert tryst with Jessica Jaymes, an exotic brunette who could heat up Siberia. *Jesse Jane: Erotique* is a snarling wolf of a stroke flick in soft-core, sheepish clothing.

—J. P.

Sky's Perversions #2

Directed by Sky Lopez.
Starring Sky Lopez, Destiny, Calli Summers, Velvet Rose, Elizabeth Lawrence, Brandi, Dani Woodward, Jewell Marceau and Taylor St. Claire.
DVD: Sineplex Entertainment.

A battery of toys fill in the gaps—and gapes—of girl-on-girl action in *Sky's Perversions #2*. Perky lesbo perv Sky Lopez directs, stars and hosts the raunchy toy fair. The giant glass butt plugs are bigger stars than any of the cast of newcomers—the inanimate rods even get a shout-out in the credits—and the insertions are often more surgical than sexual. First-timers Destiny and Calli Summers enjoy licking lollipops out of each other's butts. Slightly more experienced legal teen Dani Woodward already has beads in her pussy when she strips for a poolside romp with Sky. Sparks fly between the hostess and hypersexual redhead Woodward while they share a super-long, two-headed dildo. After flirting with a *Lady and the Tramp* moment, the pair shove the plastic python up their shit pipes for an awesome ass-to-ass grind. Otherwise, the dildos are the life of the party in *Sky's Perversions #2*.

—J. P.

Total Exposure

Directed by Nick Orleans.
Starring Violet Blue, Ann Marie, Mia Smiles, Monica Mayhem, Kelly Steele, Kylie Wilde, Ashley Long, Holly Hollywood, Ben English, Sledgehammer, Hamilton Steele, Chris Cannon, Rafe, Lee Stone, Byron Long and Joey Ray.
Videocassette: Adam & Eve Productions.

Calling *Total Exposure* the epitome of pretentious porn would be giving it too much credit—it's not the epitome of anything. Slow-paced, softly lit, and self-consciously "classy," the flick criminally squanders a tantalizing assemblage of cooze. Sex-crazed cutie Violet Blue could normally turn your balls that exact hue just by showing up onscreen, but if you get stiff from her tryst in this flick, it will be out of boredom. Ann Marie's explosive performance finally gives viewers something to one-hand clap about. Rigorous fucking keeps the *muy caliente* Latina's killer bod firm without diminishing her juicy, J.Lo-proportioned ass or squeezable, all-natural fun bags. As Lee Stone showers her with nut butter, the literally cock-starved suckstress licks every last drop. Aside from Ann Marie's valiant effort, fans of the many top starlets on display may not even recognize their faves in the soft-focus shitfest of *Total Exposure*.

—J. P.

Stroker's Guide

A quick checklist of features reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER.

Fully Erect

Disturbed (Amazing/Metro Inc.)
Britney Foster, Aria, Belladonna, Ashley Blue

HUSTLER'S Young Sluts, Inc. #13 (HUSTLER Video)
Lauren Phoenix, Ann Harlow, Betty Sue, Bret Rockman

Looking In (Vivid Video)
Savanna Samson, Taylor St. Claire, Ann Marie, Rafe

Specs Appeal #13 (Kick Ass Pictures)
Lauren Phoenix, Cytherea, Holly Day, Trever Zen

Three-Quarters Erect

About a Woman (Wicked Pictures)
Devinn Lane, Stormy, Jessica Drake, Brad Armstrong

Barely Legal #40 (HUSTLER Video)
Jamie, Dani, Cytherea, Benjamin

Deep In Cream #2 (DVSX)
Venus, Sabina Black, Delilah Stone, Steve Hatcher

Three Timing (Digital Playground)
Jesse Jane, Penny, Julia Taylor, Eric Masterson

Half Erect

2 Dicks in 1 Chick #3 (New Sensations)
Ander Page, Sabrina Snow, Catalina, Trever Zen

Chick Flick #3 (Legend Video)
Charmane Star, Tawny Roberts, Dee, Kaylynn, Lee Stone

Club Inferno (Elegant Angel)
Tina Crystal, Maya Gold, Sandra Romain, Uncle George

Double Parked #4 (DVSX)
Sandra Mark, Cherry, Simony, Rick Masters

One-Quarter Erect

Girlvert #4 (J.M. Productions)
Ashley Blue, Crystal Ray, Alura, Mr. Pete

Naughty Nights #5 (Pleasure Productions)
Gina Lynn, Kris, Shannon Getsit, Rick Roberts

Totally Limp

Angel X (Wicked Pictures)
Kaylani Lei, Asia Carrera, Brittany Skye, Lee Stone

Chunky on the Fourth of July (Skin Tight Pictures)
Roxy Blaze, Nina, Lisa Sparxxx, Frank Bukkwyd

Rating Guide

Fully Erect — Superior. A top production.
Three-Quarters Erect — Above average. Hard-on material.
Half Erect — Standard fare. Has moments.
One-Quarter Erect — Poor. Don't expect much.
Totally Limp — A waste of time and money.


Terry

INTO THE GREAT WIDE OPEN

CH.14

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CLIVE McLEAN

ALEXIS MALONE AND ALEX ROX

In the tradition of Ken Kesey, Alex and Alexis planned to go on the road and see America, but the would-be tourists never made it out of the driveway. Like a typical woman, Alexis had second thoughts about their cross-country trip: *What if the RV breaks down in the middle of nowhere?*







Alex assured his fellow vagabond he was mechanically inclined and grabbed his trusty tool. Instead of exploring the heartland, the reluctant wanderers ended up probing each other.

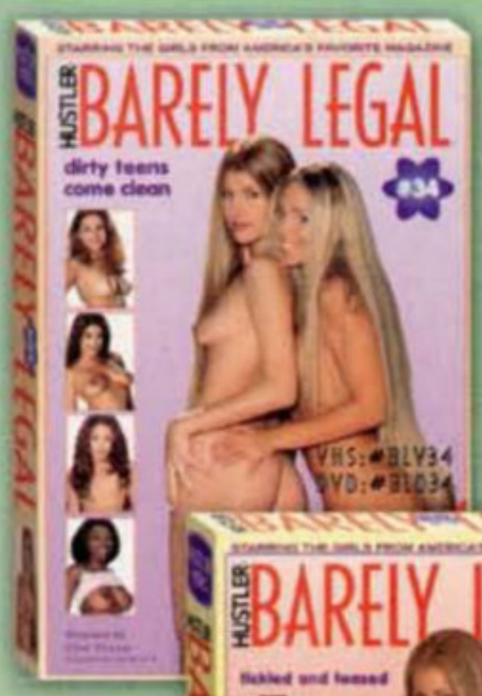




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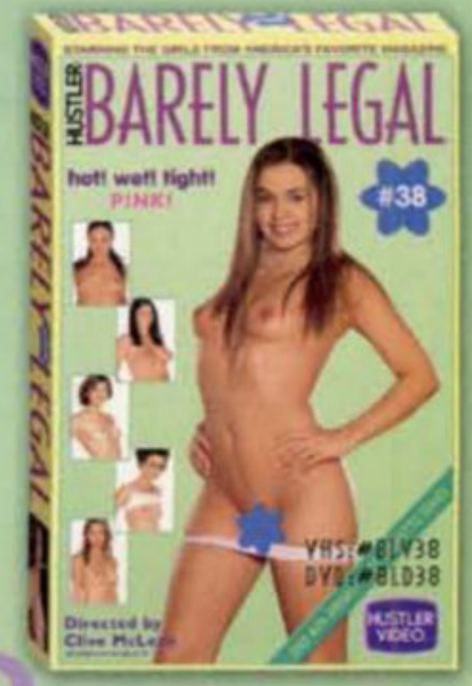
















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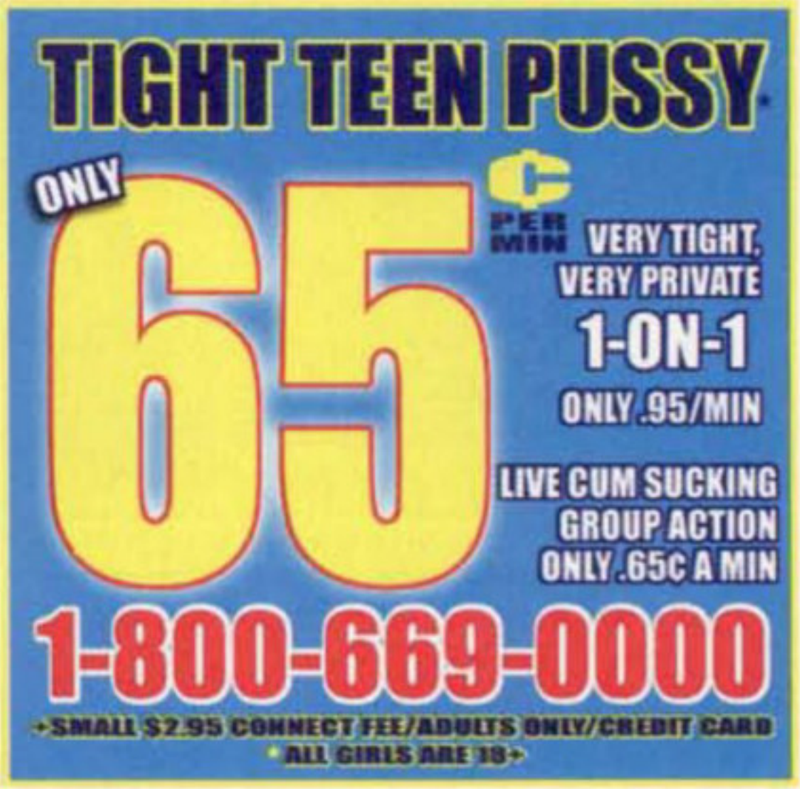
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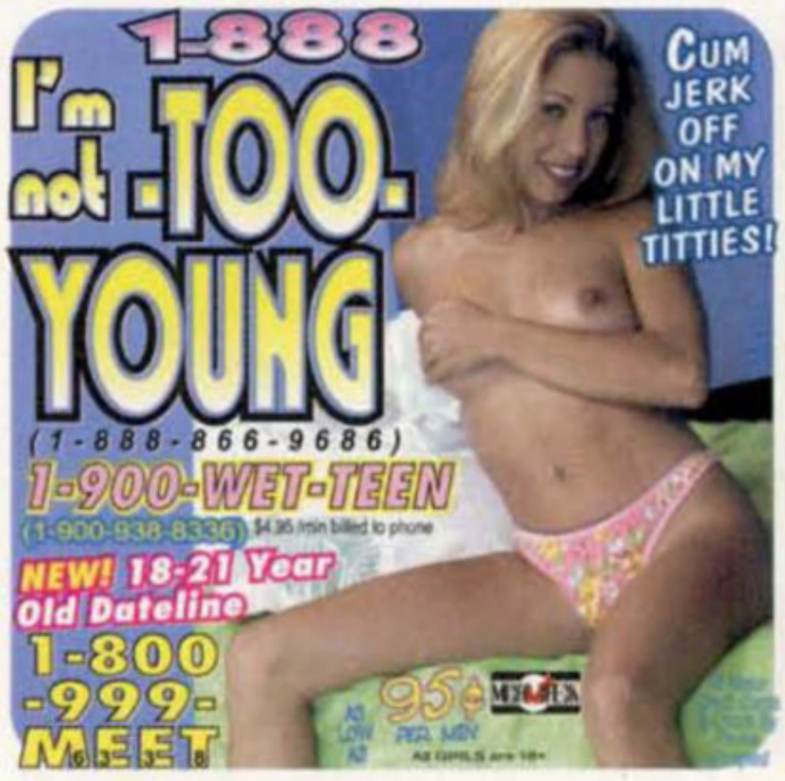

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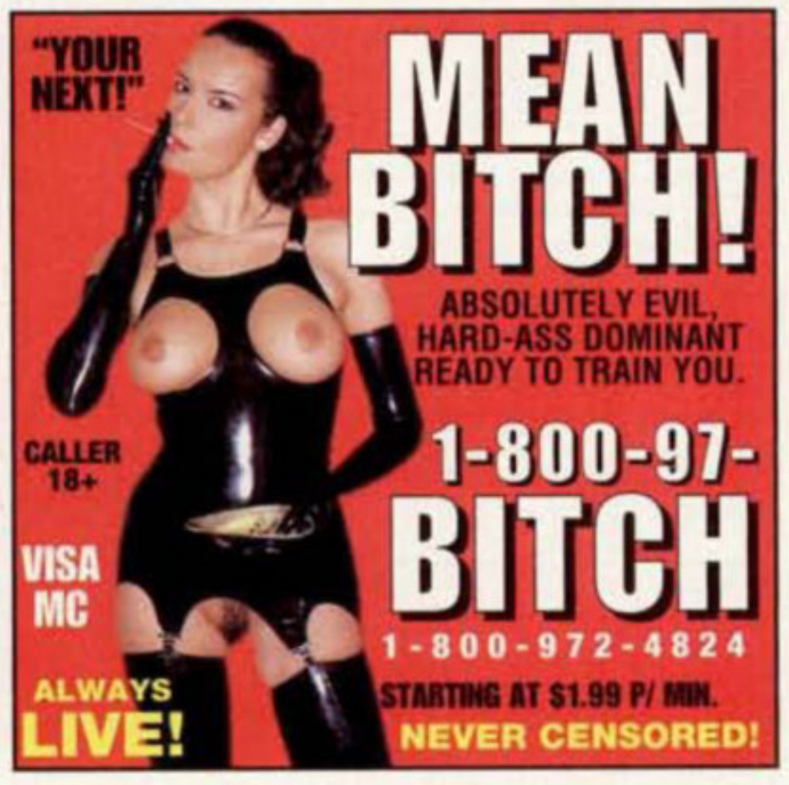

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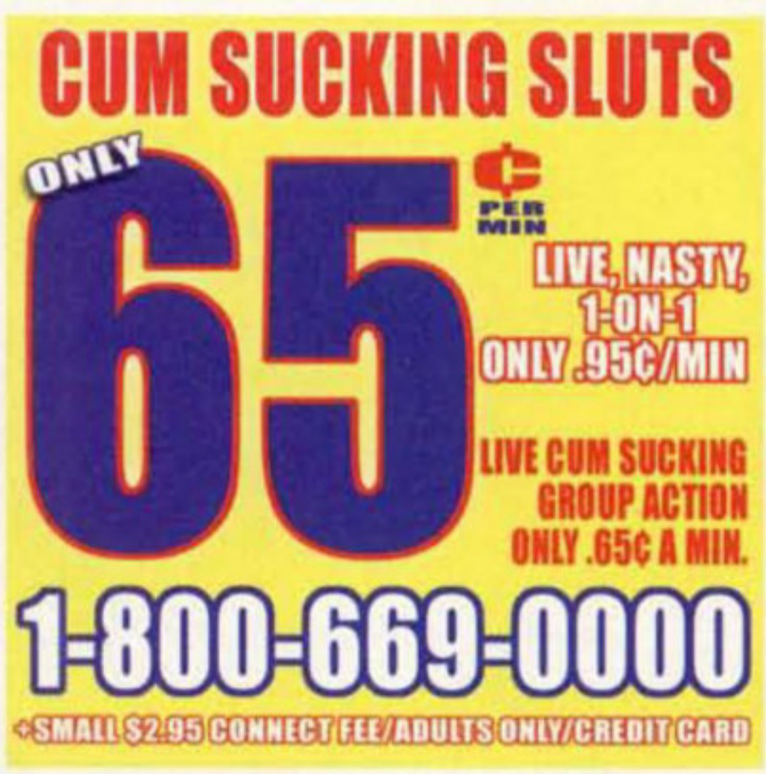






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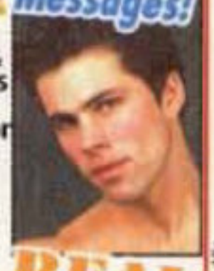
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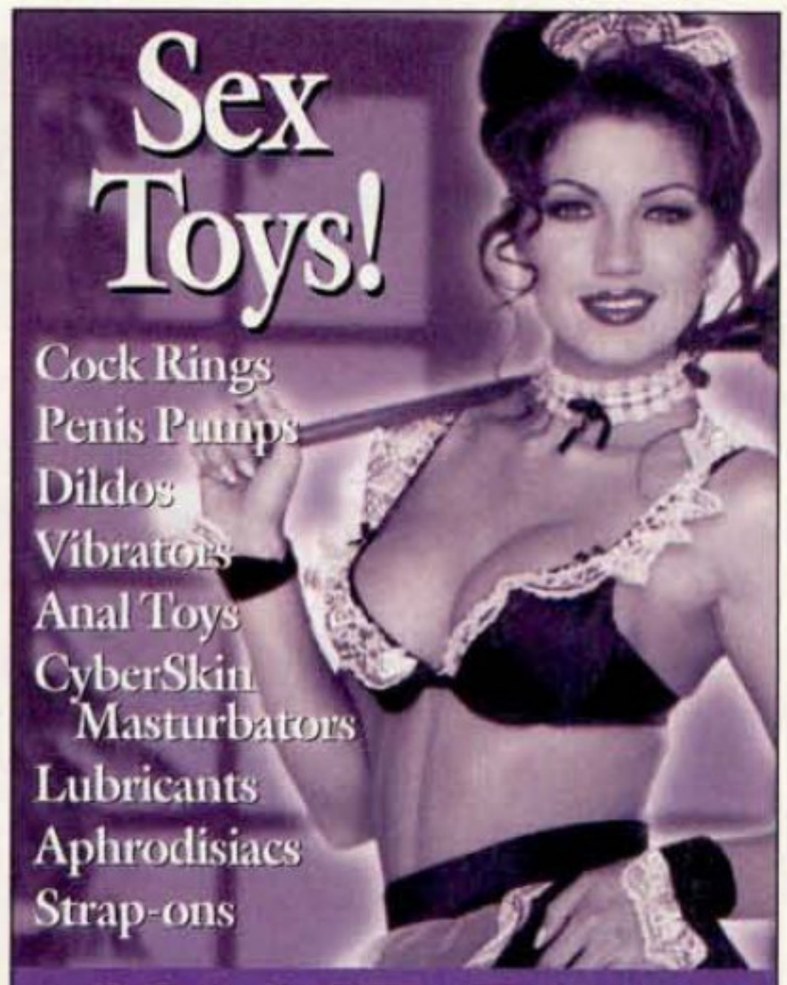
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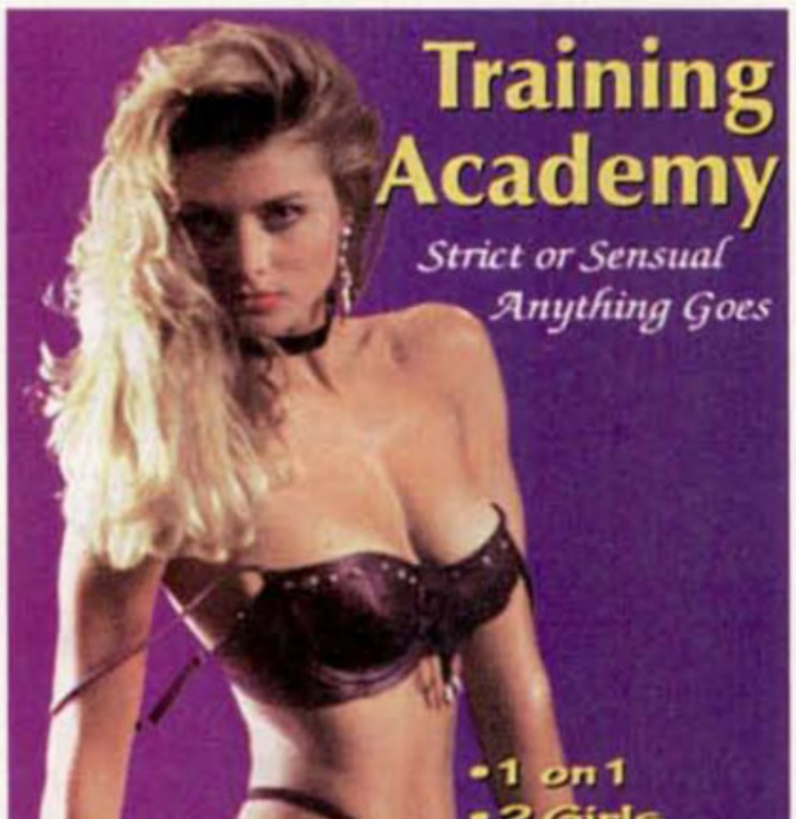

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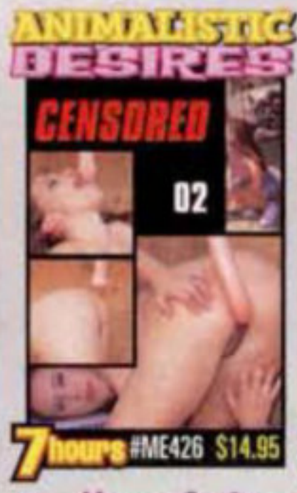
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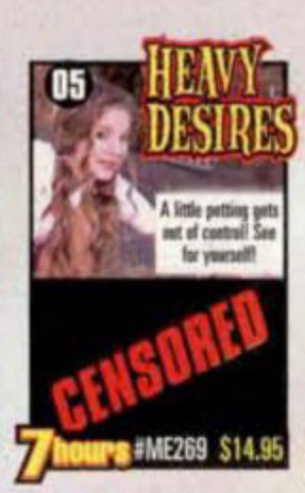
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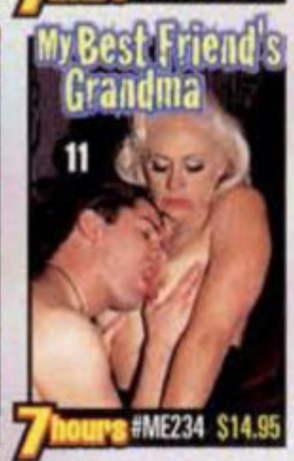
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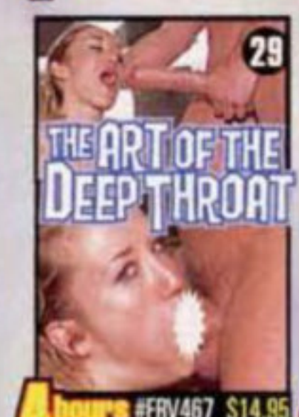
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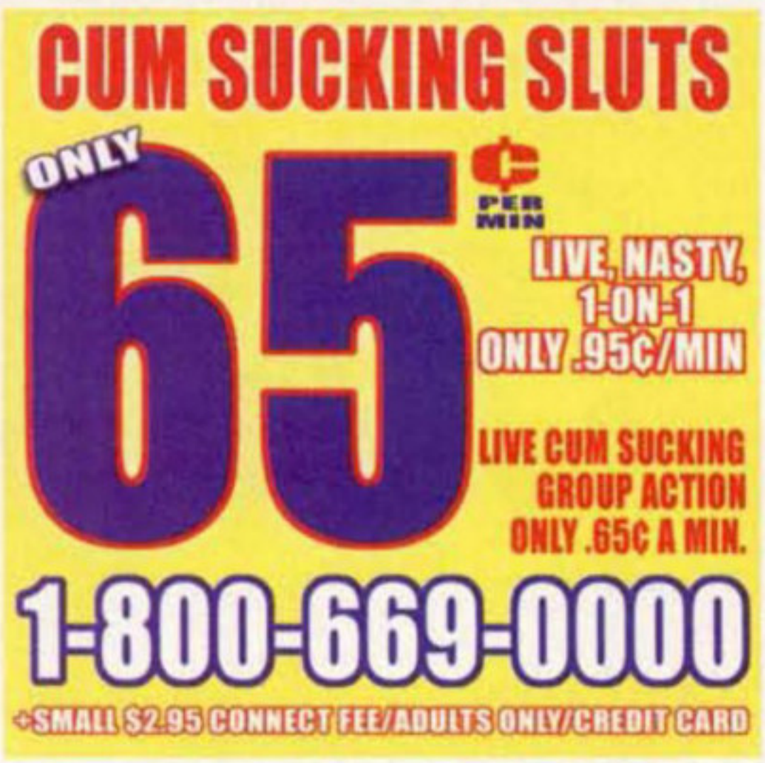

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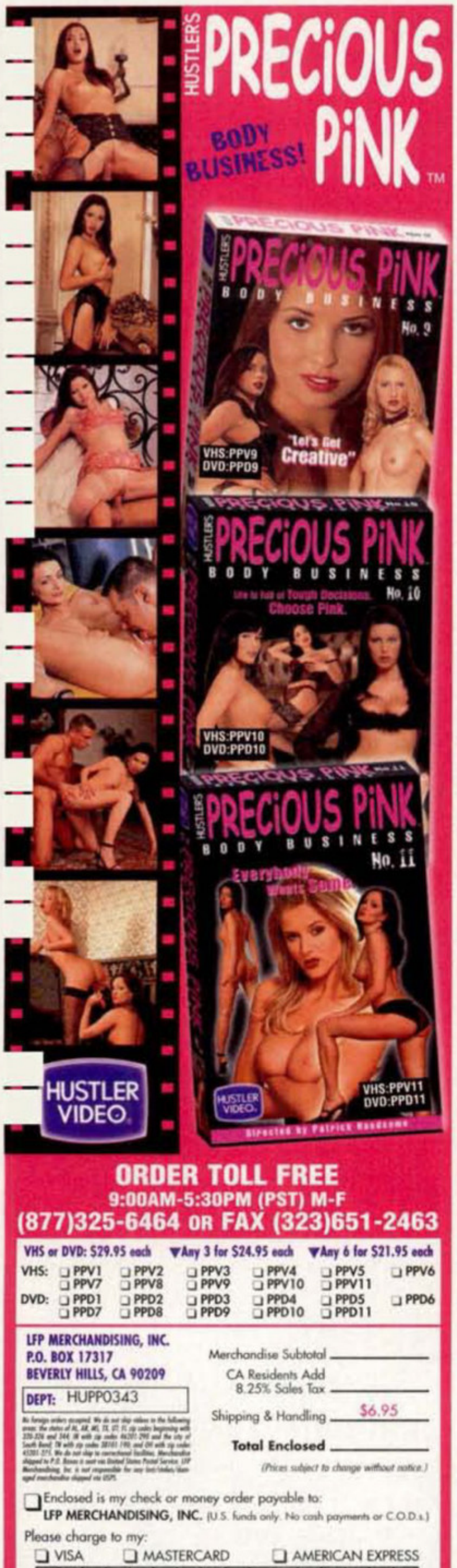

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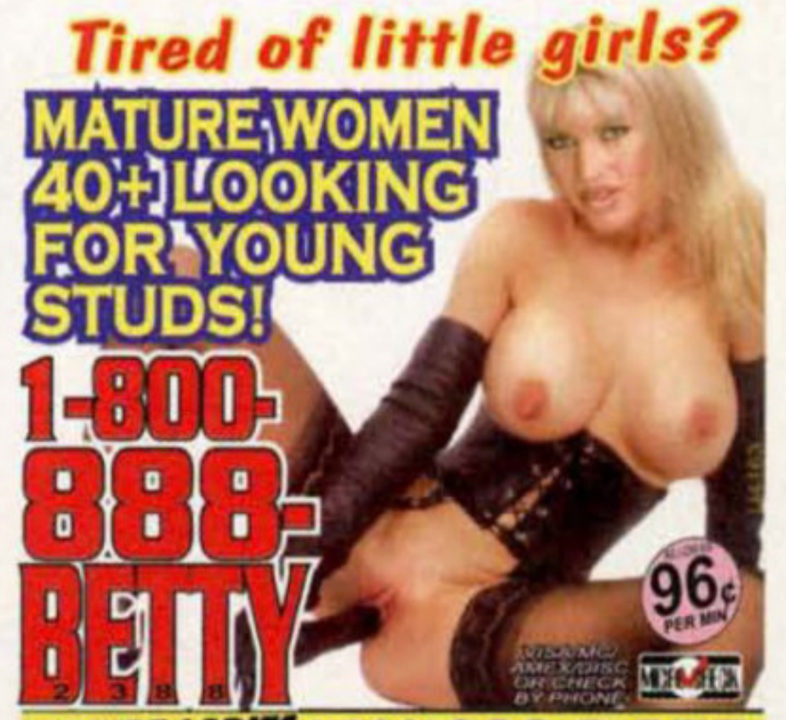
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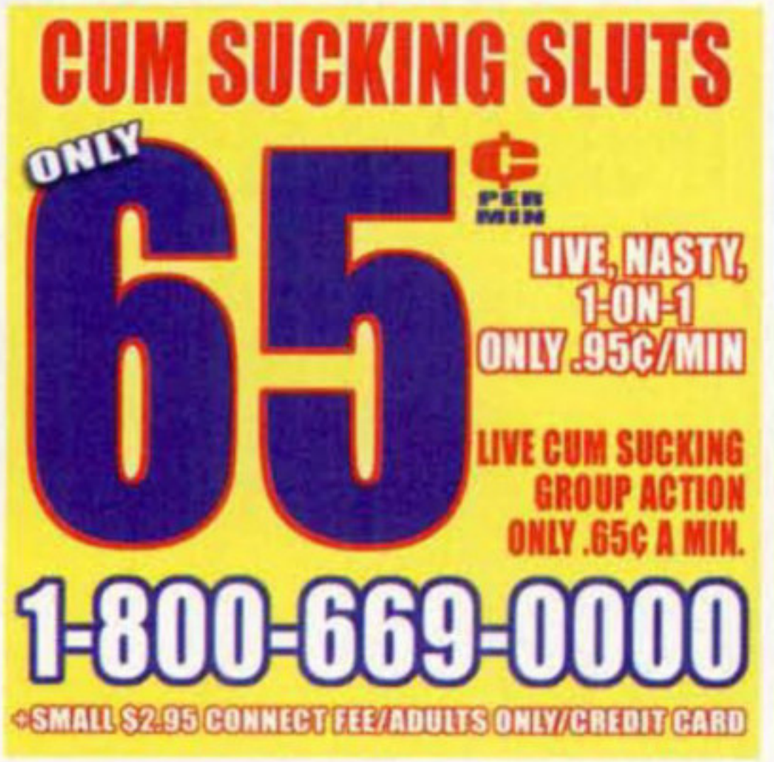

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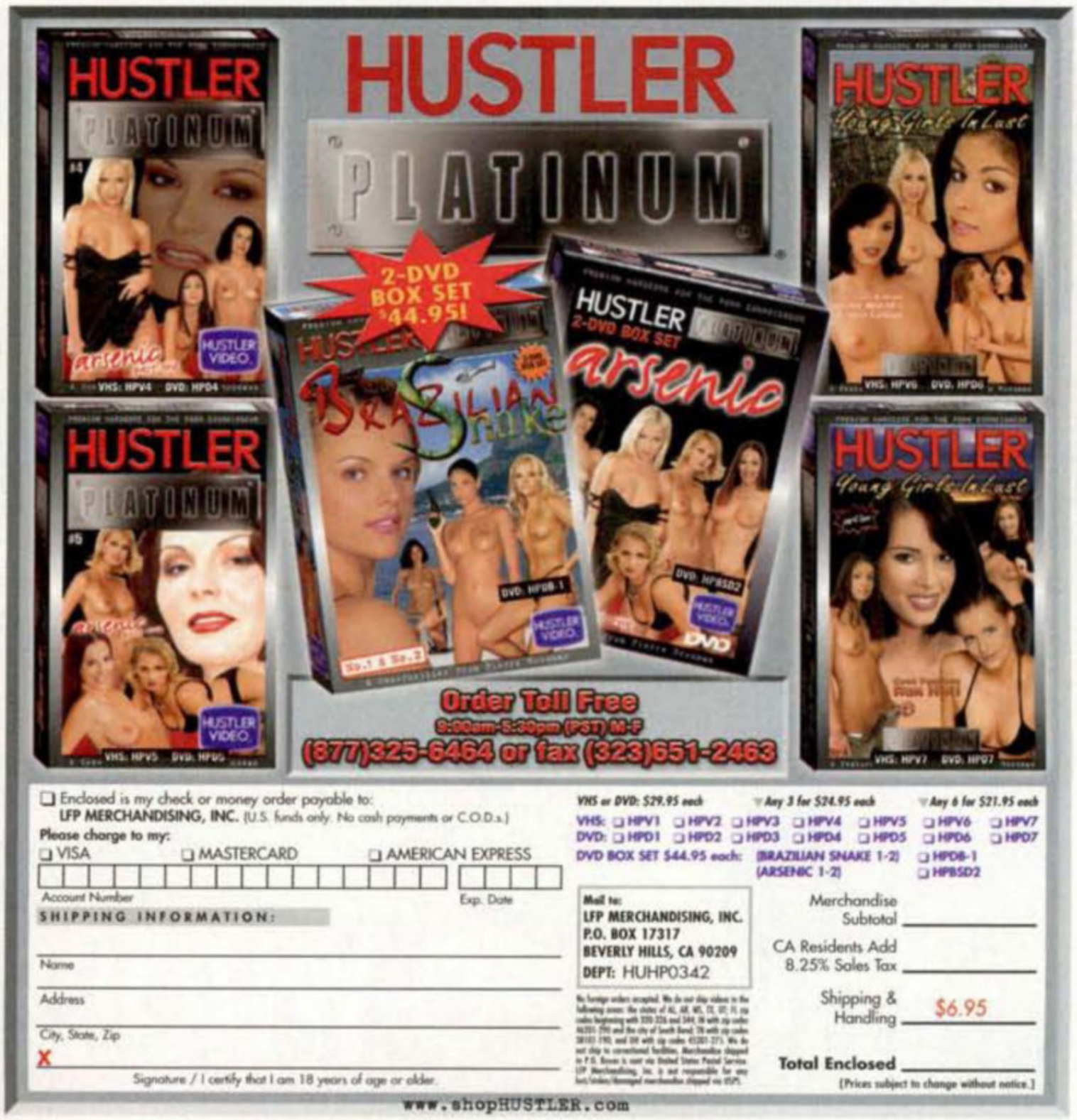

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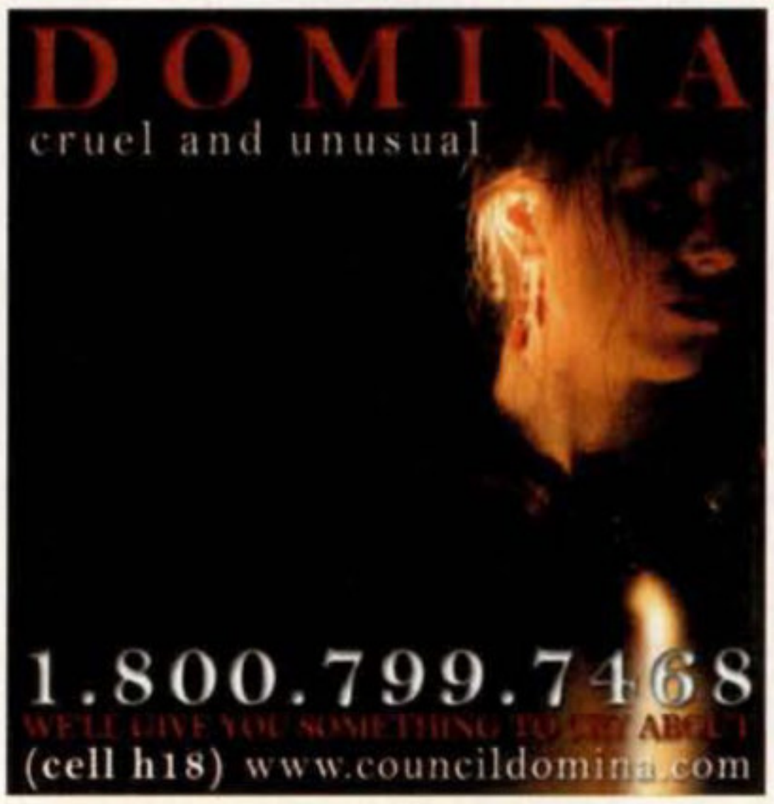
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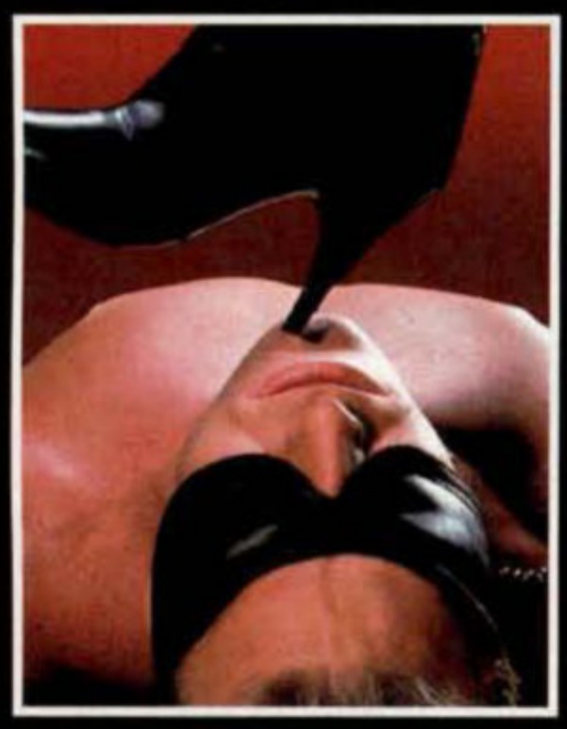
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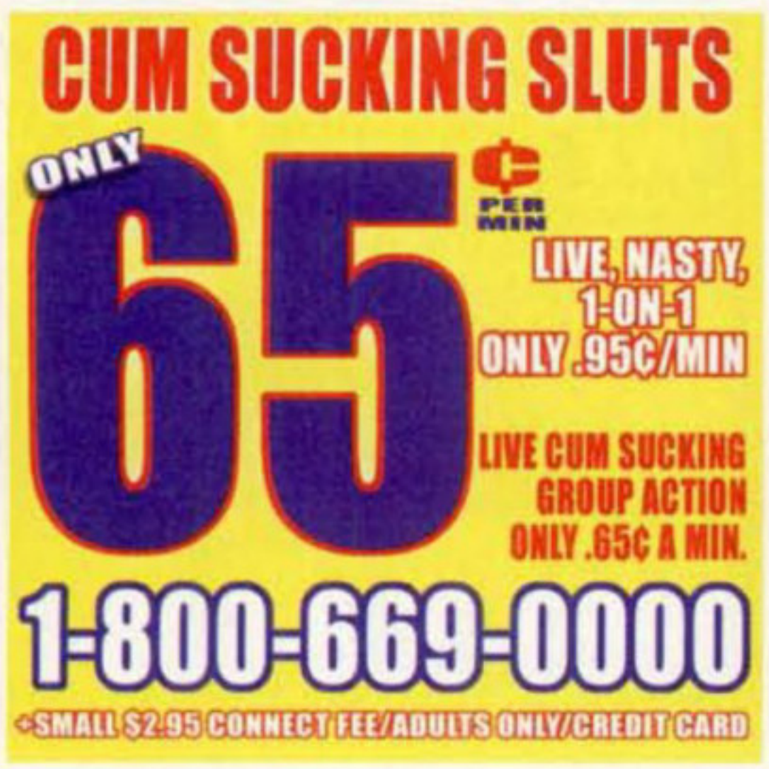
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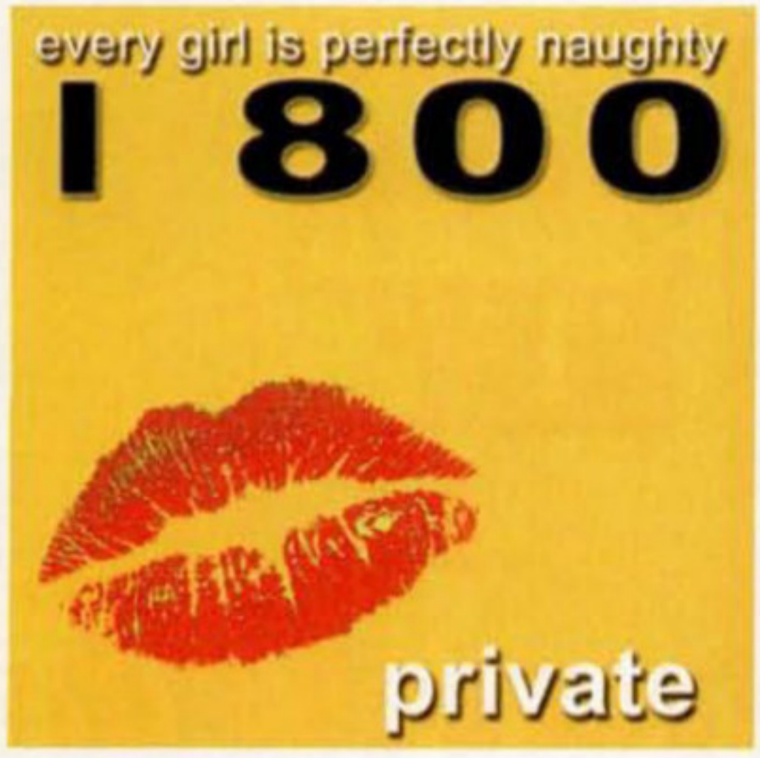

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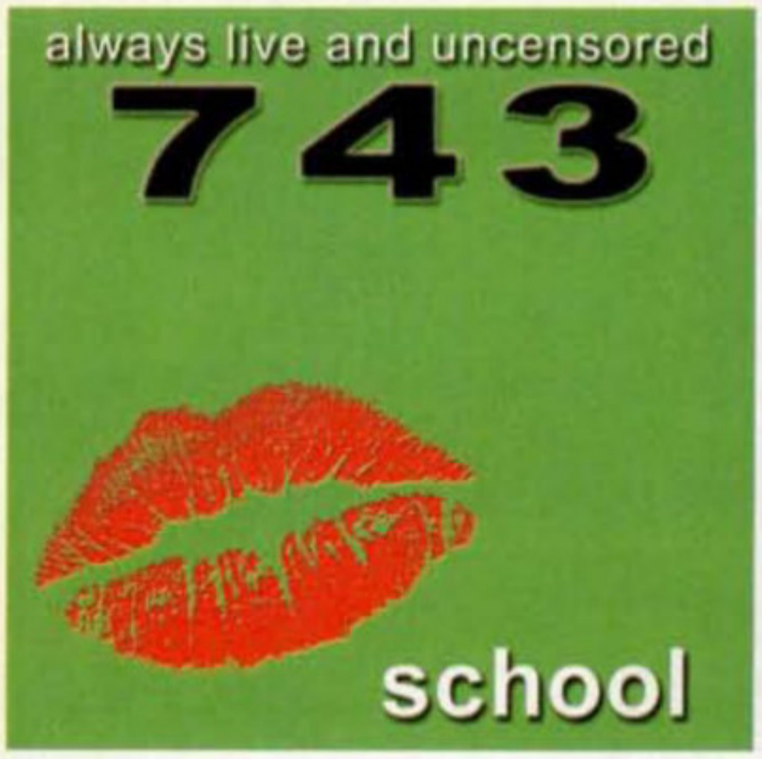

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Only ***MAGNA-RX+*** pills contain the exclusive, trademarked **Orgasmic Thrust Activation** process. This factor alone would make ***MAGNA-RX+*** the most powerful **Penis Enlargement Formula** available at any price. Not only do men report amazing increases in penis length and thickness, but they are also equally delighted by the sheer intensity and concentrated power of their orgasms *(as are their very satisfied lovers)!*

MAGNA-RX+: THE WORLD'S #1 PENIS ENLARGEMENT FORMULA *& STILL GROWING!*

In the past 12 months, demand for ***MAGNA-RX+*** has exploded worldwide as word of mouth spreads about what many medical experts have called the world's most powerful **Penis Enlargement Formula.** In one of this country's state-of-the-art pharmaceutical laboratories, under Dr. Aguilar's unwavering direction, a dedicated team of biochemists has meticulously worked around the clock to produce enough of ***MAGNA-RX+'s*** proprietary, all-natural botanical formula for men, just like yourself, who want a bigger, thicker, more energetic penis fast!

NOTHING ELSE TO BUY EVER AGAIN!



The ***MAGNA-RX+*** **Formula** is so powerful, so effective, so complete, we 100% guarantee that you will **NEVER** have to purchase any more than the 60-day supply included in this special offer. We could easily make ***MAGNA-RX+*** much weaker and then ask to automatically re-bill your credit card each month for the next 2 months, like some companies do. We focus on getting the best results, as quickly as possible. That is the secret of our success! With the ***MAGNA-RX+*** **System,** ***you can skyrocket 2", 3", even 5" in 60 days or less – with nothing else to buy ever again.***

WHAT RESULTS CAN YOU EXPECT?

Use the ***MAGNA-RX+*** **Penis Enlargement Formula** daily for 3-5 weeks (one potent pill a day is all you need), and:

- **You'll increase your penis size by 2 to 5 full inches**
- **Your penis will be thicker and fuller**
- **Your confidence level & self-esteem will soar**
- **You'll satisfy your lover like never before**

BUY 1, GET 1 FREE ($60 SAVINGS!)

If you're ready to become the biggest man you can be, then order your supply of ***MAGNA-RX+*** today. See for yourself, what thousands of satisfied men (and their lovers) have already discovered: ***MAGNA-RX+*** is the world's #1 best-selling **Penis Enlargement Formula** for one very simple reason: **IT WORKS & NOTHING ELSE CAN COMPARE!**

Need another reason to try ***MAGNA-RX+***? *How about 50% OFF our regular price!* ***MAGNA-RX+*** normally retails for $59.95 for a 30-day supply, but if you order now, ***we'll include a second month's supply absolutely FREE!*** Imagine being able to increase your penis size up to 5 full inches for less than a $1.00 a day!

WHAT SOME OF OUR SATISFIED CLIENTS HAVE TO SAY:

"I've been using your product for 2 months now. I've increased my length from 6" to nearly 8-1/2". Your product has helped me give a little extra to the love in my life." –W.B., Washington, D.C.

"I was amazed at how effective it was at increasing length and girth from 5" to 6-1/2" in just 3 weeks!!! Feel free to use this letter in your future advertisements." –V.W., Illinois

"My girlfriend loves the results, but she doesn't know what I do. She thinks it's natural, so help me!" –T.M., Oklahoma

"I'm too shy to tell the whole world, but I don't mind telling you that... I went from 3-1/2" to 6". I'm trying for even more." –R.C., South Carolina

ALL LETTERS ON FILE

ADDITIONAL PRODUCTS FOR MEN & WOMEN!

Amazing New Sex Pill Gets Men Erect & Ready – Gets Women Hot & Eager!

SATIVOL

The secret is an enzyme from certain grasses that works on the centers of the brain concerned with libido (desire and performance). Now it's possible to manufacture a highly concentrated dose of the enzyme that has a pronounced effect upon humans!

Safe & Proven Effective!

Sativol is proven effective in two research studies. These studies proved Sativol measurably (1) increased sexual desire (horniness), (2) increased performance (erections), (3) increased feeling (pleasure).

- *Feel a natural erection – big, hard, throbbing!*
- *Enjoy powerful erections with no midway letdown!*
- *Enjoy a horny feeling of wanting sex often!*
- *Continue or refire your sex life no matter your age (providing reasonable health).*
- *Watch as a woman who has turned her back on sex becomes eager once again!*

PROVEN IN TEST AFTER TEST! SOLVES SEX PROBLEMS FOR BOTH MEN & WOMEN!

regular $75.00
60 capsules for only
$49.95

MOTIVATOR
(motivate-her)

Just 1 of these tablets, used as directed, creates intense sexual feelings in women. The action begins about 5 minutes after you use the tablet. Best of all, the effect lasts for about 30 passion-filled minutes! Use these tablets and you'll find the effect is irresistible. ***Motivator*** (motivate-her) will set her on fire! Thousands of repeat customers since first offered in 1989. Precaution: get her permission before using.

24 tablets for **$12.00**

POWER PILLS
Endurance in a Bottle!

I'm Peter North (a.k.a. Matt Ramsey) and I promise you "my private formula pills will inject incredible sex performance right into your penis." I've performed in over 800 videos and am known for my sexual endurance in take after take. I personally perfected ***Power Pills*** using highly concentrated doses of ingredients to ensure this highly charged sex performance day after day. You can have an erection and develop staying power and climax control just like me. That's why 87% of our customers reorder!

30 tablets for **$18.00** **or**
SAVE! *120 tablets for only* **$35.00**



ECONOMY PACK! SAVE $49.95! *all for only* **$89.95**
YOU GET: 60 MAGNA-RX+, 60 Sativol, 24 Motivator & 30 Power Pills *(regular $139.90)*

CREDIT CARD ORDERS CALL TOLL-FREE ANYTIME:

1-800-227-0009

Send to: **RIGHT CHOICE LABORATORIES** DEPT. HU-304
Post Office Box 10132, Van Nuys, CA 91409-0132

Please ship the following. I enclose $_____ ☐Check ☐Money Order

☐**MAGNA-RX+** *(2 mo. supply)*.....$59.95	Total Purchase .....$_____
☐**SATIVOL** *(60 capsules)* $49.95	CA Residents ADD Sales Tax.....$_____
☐**MOTIVATOR** *(24 tablets)*.....$12.00	Shipping Via Priority Mail or FedEx.....$ 6.95
☐**POWER PILLS** *(30 tablets)*.....$18.00	ADD $2 for RUSH Service.....$_____
☐**POWER PILLS** *(120 tablets)*.....$35.00	Foreign Orders ADD $10 S&H (remit in US funds).....$_____
SAVE $49.95 with the ECONOMY PACK! ☐Send me 2 month's supply of MAGNA-RX+, 60 Sativol, 24 Motivator, 30 Power Pills *all for only* **$89.95**	TOTAL ENCLOSED/CHARGED...$_____

Charge it: ☐VISA ☐M/C ☐AMEX ☐DISC

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QUIT COMPLAINING AND TAKE IT LIKE A MAN! YOU KNOW YOU WANT IT!
HOT & KINKY ACTION!
ALL CALLS AS LOW AS $1.99/MIN. ADULTS ONLY 18+
YOU WILL LEARN OBEDIENCE! NOW BEND OVER, SPREAD YOUR ASS AND SHUT UP!
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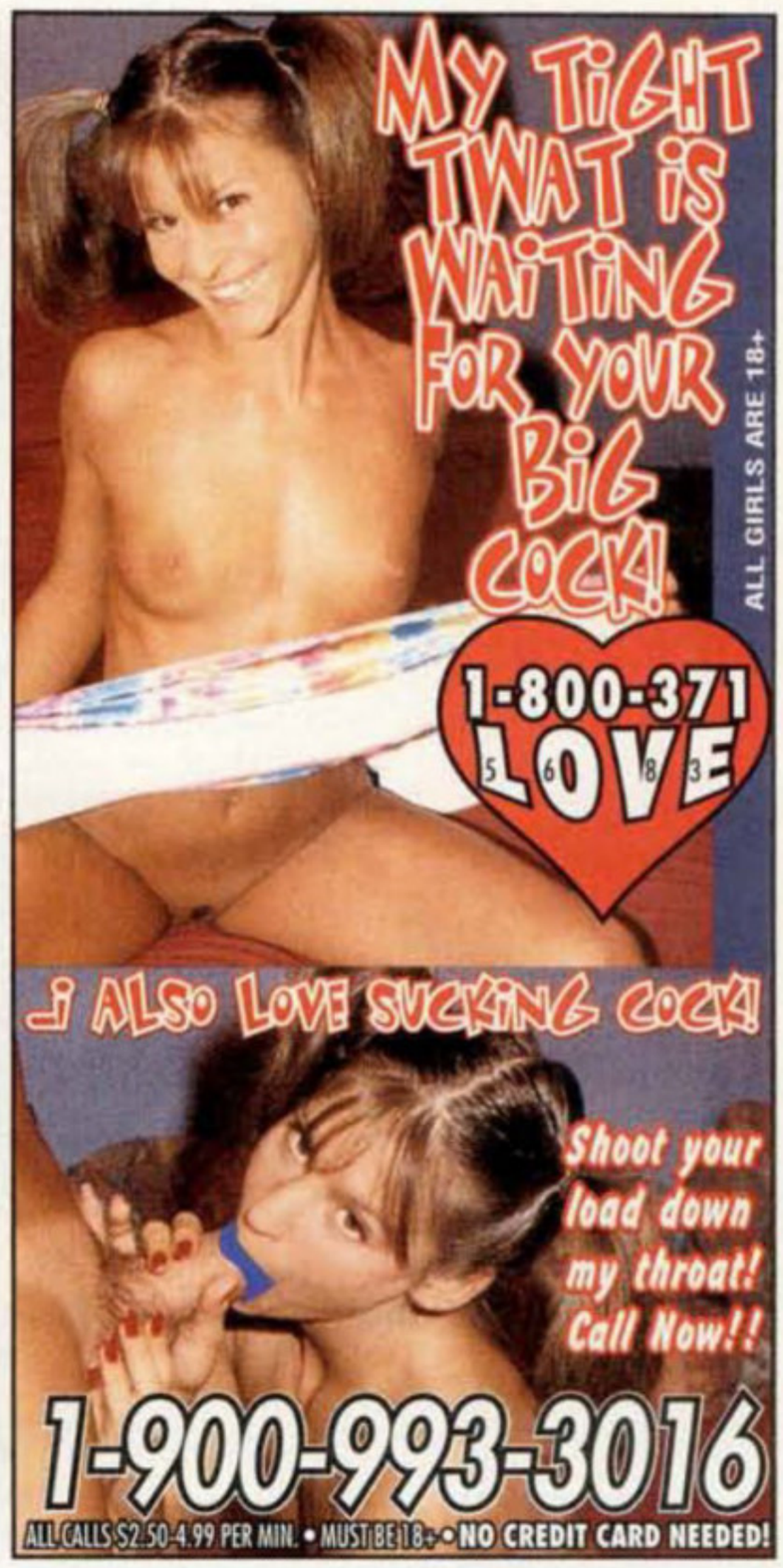

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ONLY 65¢ PER MIN
VERY TIGHT, VERY PRIVATE
1-ON-1
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ONLY .65¢ A MIN
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*SMALL $2.95 CONNECT FEE/ADULTS ONLY/CREDIT CARD
*ALL GIRLS ARE 18+

What are ya waiting for?
FUCK THIS BLACK PUSSY NOW!
1-800-2B5-2A2-5K-2A$
2.98 PER/MIN.
ADULTS ONLY. MOST MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED


I want to suck your cock all night long! Call me!
1-900-993-0500
No Credit Card Needed.
As low as $2.50/min.
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HOW FAR WE GO IS UP TO YOU...
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MY TIGHT TWAT is WAITING FOR YOUR BIG COCK!
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MY HUGE TITS ARE CRAVING A HUGE LOAD OF YOUR HOT CUM!!!
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2569
HOT ORAL ACTION!!!
I REALLY WANT TO SUCK YOU DRY!!!
ALL CALLS AS LOW AS $2.50/MIN. ADULTS ONLY 18+

REACH NEW SEXUAL HIGHS!

SUPERCHARGE YOUR SEX LIFE WITH THESE PROVEN PRODUCTS FOR MEN & WOMEN



AMAZING NEW RUB-ON CREAM MAKES YOUR ERECTION INCHES BIGGER!

And It Happens In Less Than 10 Minutes!

We truly do live in the age of sexual miracles from the pharmacy. And now, directly from an ancient Chinese formula comes a new wonder for American and European men – an easy way to make their erect penis visually and measurably bigger than it usually is. *Finally there's a substance that will do exactly that!* It works for virtually every man. It swells and engorges most erections to as much as 50% above usual size. *Smaller organs, percentage-wise, may get even bigger!*

MIRACAL FORMULA: THE NEW MIRACLE YOU'LL WANT TO TRY!

You'll thrill to see your new plumped up size! Your partner will be ecstatic from all the new sensations that come from your magnificently magnified organ. In fact, no matter what your size is now, **Miracal Formula** will make your erection enormously bigger – *in about 10 minutes!* Better yet, the more you use **Miracal Formula** the faster it will work for you!

PERFECTLY SAFE – NEEDS NO PRESCRIPTION

Please understand, your penis will not permanently remain up to 50% bigger. It will diminish to its usual size until once again you reach for the tube of **Miracal Formula.** But because **Miracal Formula** is so safe you can use it over and over again without fear of side effects.

FIND OUT HOW MUCH BIGGER YOU CAN ACTUALLY GET!

Most men think they've already seen their biggest erection. The fact is most Western men rarely ever reach their full potential. **Miracal Formula** fills in the gap between the usual and the truly stupendous. Prove it two ways, length and girth – before and after – with your eyes and with a measuring tape. *(The greatest percentage of increase will probably be in circumference, by far the most important measurement in pleasing your partner.)* If you are sincerely interested in having your erection appear obviously bigger – a size increase you can actually confirm with a measuring tape – *you need to order your personal supply of* **Miracal Formula** *right now!*

WHY DO WESTERN MEN MISS OUT IN THE PENIS SIZE GAME?

There are cultures in the world that revere large genital size and have evolved traditions and customs to produce large male organs. These cultures are found among tribes in Africa *(such as the Dinka tribe, supposedly possessing the largest male genitals in the world on average),* in the Amazon, and in certain tribes from New Guinea. Over centuries many cultures have devised specific techniques that definitely do enlarge the penis. For example, Arabian boys were once routinely taught to practice "jelqing" *(a penis stretching technique)* even prior to puberty. On the other hand, in Western cultures boys have been discouraged from even touching their penis. Western men are generally ignorant about extracting the "hidden" penis *(which resides within the body),* increasing the capacity of the erectile chambers or increasing the size of the head. The result is that most men in Western cultures simply don't know their true size potential. We believe you will be more than pleased with what **Miracal Formula** will do for you – *and it's so safe, so fast, and so easy to accomplish.*

MIRACAL MAXIMUM GROWTH FORMULA

4 OZ. TUBE $34.95
8 OZ. $59.95 *(SAVE $9.95)*
16 OZ. $79.95 *(SAVE $59.95)*



A SEXUAL STIMULANT OF EXTRAORDINARY POWER!

THE AMAZING HEMP PLANT!

As a plant, hemp is one of the most useful plants we have: the oil and seeds are used in cooking; it's fermented to make hemp beer; rigging on ships was manufactured from hemp fibers and is used today for fabric; the oil is used in cosmetics. Now, with **Hemp Sextiva,** the medicinal effects are available to men. *(Under law, all hemp used in the USA is imported from other countries.)*

WHAT MAN OF ANY AGE WOULDN'T WANT TO USE A NATURAL SUBSTANCE THAT...

- *Enhances the flow of blood to the genitalia – filling out erections*
- *Stimulates the production of vaginal fluid in females*
- *Amplifies sexual sensations and delays ejaculation*

That substance is now available in tablet form, manufactured of entirely natural ingredients from the hemp plant. Hemp *(also known as Cannabis Sativa)* has powerful psychological and physical effects on man.

HEMP DOES EVERYTHING TO MAKE SEX BETTER!

Used medicinally for centuries, there is abundant testimony to hemp's unique effect on sex. Erections become harder and firmer – *then last and last under extreme stimulation!* Sensations seem to magnify and intensify incredible levels of ecstasy! Ejaculations are delayed, building in force and quantity so when they do explode *the inner thunder is an all-consuming and pervasive sexual bliss.*

HEMP FOR SEX – AN ALL-NEW SEXUAL THRILL!

Our **Hemp Sextiva** tablets are manufactured from imported Cannabis Sativa L containing -1% of the active ingredient THC. Men report that ingestion of hemp containing 1/3% THC on a regular daily program offers profound sexual and health benefits. They extol hemp's ability to generate sexual desire *(libido),* magnify climaxes, and provide extraordinary orgasmic control. No undesirable side effects reported by regular users.

SEX SECRETS: SHARE YOUR HEMP TABLETS WITH HER!

Many women respond deeply to the sexual effects of hemp – so let her in on this new level of sensation that hemp can make possible.

HEMP SEXTIVA

30 TABLETS $24.95
60 TABLETS $39.95 *(SAVE $9.95)*
90 TABLETS $49.95 *(SAVE $24.90)*



LURE GORGEOUS GIRLS INTO YOUR ARMS WITH NEW & IMPROVED ATTRACTANT 1000+ GOLD LABEL!

UNIVERSITY STUDY PROVES CONCLUSIVELY PHEROMONE ADDITIVE ATTRACTS OPPOSITE SEX!

NATURE'S ONLY APHRODISIAC IS SEX APPEAL IN A BOTTLE!

Pheromones are odorless chemicals naturally secreted by the body that increase sexual attractiveness through the sense of smell. Scientists believe the greater the pheromone secretion, the greater the sexual attraction. *The problem:* many people wash away most of their natural pheromones when they bathe. *The solution:* **Attractant 1000+,** a powerful, synthetic, unscented pheromone concentrate scientifically designed to attract the opposite sex. *But does it really work?*

The scientific evidence is now conclusive. Adding synthetic human pheromones to your cologne has been proven to dramatically increase sex appeal and attract more lovers effortlessly. As reported in the September 2002 issue of *Prevention* magazine, a recent study at San Francisco State University proves that after only two months, *a remarkable 74% of those using a synthetic pheromone-laced scent reported a significant increase in dates, kissing, heavy petting, physical affection, and, yes, more sex!*

WORLD'S #1 PHEROMONE CONCENTRATE GOES GOLD

Introducing the new, improved **Attractant 1000+ Gold Label** formula. *Be warned:* just a few drops of **Attractant 1000+'s** extra-strength, unscented formula is up to one thousand times more powerful than normal pheromone secretion. Easy, fast, and discreet, **Attractant 1000+** adds instant sex appeal to aftershaves, colognes, or even when worn by itself.



BECOME A POWERFUL SEX MAGNET

Conduct your own intimate, scientific study on the sex power of pheromones. Order new, extra-strength **Attractant 1000+ Gold Label** today. Remember, it's biology and chemistry. The most beautiful and desirable women are powerless to resist the seductive lure of **Attractant 1000+.**

ATTRACTANT 1000+ 1 FLUID OZ. $39.95

Order now and we'll include the guide "How To Seduce Any Woman" absolutely FREE with your purchase of Attractant 1000+.

MORE DATES • MORE KISSES • MORE SEX

GETS WOMEN SIZZLING HOT & HUNGRY FOR SEX!

LAVA EXCITANT WILL TRANSFORM YOUR SEX LIFE!

Available at last – the sex pill men have dreamed about for years – **Lava Excitant.** Imagine having a woman who actually pesters you for more and more sex; a woman who wraps her body around yours and begs to feel you deep inside her; a woman who never stops thinking about sexual pleasure and all the ways she can get it with you! With her libido on turbo overdrive you'll have a sex life that most men never experience in a lifetime. No more begging, no more *"headaches"* or closed bedroom doors with you on the wrong side. *Your touch alone is enough to rocket her into arousal with a need that must be satisfied!* To create and maintain a high level of female libido regular daily use is highly recommended.

WARNING: NOT FOR SALE TO WEAK MEN!

Please don't order **Lava Excitant** unless you're certain you can meet and satisfy her urgent needs. With her libido fully fired up she must find a man who can bring her to the explosive completion she craves. *So, before she starts using* **Lava Excitant,** *make sure you're that man!*



LAVA FEMALE EXCITANT

30 TABLETS $19.95
60 TABLETS $34.95 *(SAVE $4.95)*
90 TABLETS $39.95 *(SAVE $19.90)*

MULTIPLE CLIMAXES FOR WOMEN WITH CUM CLIT OIL!

A positively magic potion that creates intense sexual feelings and causes super orgasm after super orgasm! You simply place a drop or two on her clitoris. Or, if you wish to keep it a secret... put a drop or two on the head of your penis so that it rubs **Cum Clit Oil** on her clit... then watch and listen to her cum and cum and cum! A sure-fire exciter and orgasm helper! *She'll never forget you!*



CUM CLIT OIL 1 FLUID OZ. $9.95 *(REGULAR $18.95)*

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You can sample every product on this page &

SAVE $49.80 WITH OUR STARTER KIT!



Miracal Formula (4oz.), Hemp Sextiva (30), Attractant 1000+ (1oz.), Lava Excitant (30), and Cum Clit Oil (1oz.)

ALL FOR ONLY $79.95

Mail orders to: **NEW HORIZONS** DEPT. HU-304
POST OFFICE BOX 571838, TARZANA, CALIFORNIA 91357-1838

MIRACAL MAXIMUM GROWTH FORMULA
☐4oz. TUBE.....**$34.95** ☐8oz. *SAVE $9.95*.....**$59.95** ☐16oz. *SAVE $59.95*.....**$79.95**

HEMP SEXTIVA SEXUAL STIMULANT
☐30 tablets.....**$24.95** ☐60 tablets *SAVE $9.95*.....**$39.95** ☐90 tablets *SAVE $24.90*.....**$49.95**

☐**ATTRACTANT 1000+ GOLD LABEL** *plus FREE guide*.....**$39.95**

LAVA FEMALE EXCITANT
☐30 tablets.....**$19.95** ☐60 tablets *SAVE $4.95*.....**$34.95** ☐90 tablets *SAVE $19.90*.....**$39.95**

☐**CUM CLIT OIL** *for multiple climaxes* (REGULAR $18.95).....**$9.95**

I WANT TO SAVE $49.80 WITH YOUR STARTER KIT!
☐*Send me* **MIRACAL** (4oz.), **HEMP SEXTIVA** (30), **ATTRACTANT 1000+** (1oz.), **LAVA** (30), *and* **CUM CLIT OIL** (1oz.) *REGULAR $129.75*.....**ALL FOR ONLY $79.95**

Charge my ☐VISA ☐MASTERCARD ☐AMEX ☐DISCOVER Exp. Date_____/_____

Account Number_____

Signature X_____

Total Purchase.....$_____

California Residents ADD Sales Tax.....$_____

Shipping, Handling & Delivery Insurance.....$ 7.95

Foreign Orders ADD $10 S&H *(remit in U.S. funds)*.....$_____

TOTAL ENCLOSED/CHARGED.....$_____

Name (print)_____

Address_____

City/State/ZIP_____

www.newhorizonsca.com

HONEY HOOKER VISITS GIRLS GONE NUTS

WRITTEN AND DRAWN BY
NOEL ANDERSON

GOOD OLD TITS AND ASS! AS AMERICAN AS MOM, APPLE PIE AND ONLINE GAMBLING. AFTER ALL, WHO DOESN'T ENJOY THE VOYEURISTIC THRILL OF SOME JUICY COEDS FLASHING THEIR BOOBS IN THE MIDST OF A DRUNKEN STUPOR? OUR GIRL, *HONEY*, IS ABOUT TO FIND OUT, AS SHE ATTENDS A *GIRLS GONE NUTS* PARTY AND MEETS UP WITH THE FEW, THE PROUD...THE LITIGIOUS!

GONE NUTS
PAY PER VIEW
BOOBFEST

COME ON, *HONEY*! THIS IS GOING TO BE A LOT OF FUN! IT SAYS HERE THEY'RE LOOKING FOR YOUNG, UNINHIBITED GIRLS FOR A *VIDEO SHOOT*!

LAST TIME I ANSWERED AN AD LIKE THAT I WOKE UP WITH A BUNGHOLE THE SIZE OF THE LINCOLN TUNNEL, AND *RON JEREMY* WAS ASLEEP ON TOP OF ME!

IS THERE MAYBE SOMETHING ELSE I COULD SLIP INTO?

YEAH, MY *BED*!

GN

SLUT

NO SHIRT
NO SHOES
NO
PROBLEM!

WELCOME, SLUTS, ER...I MEAN *LADIES*! JUST LEAVE YOUR INHIBITIONS AT THE DOOR AND PREPARE TO BE PART OF A NATIONAL PHENOMENON!

MARTHA STEWART?!

I'M AFRAID SO! I NEED FAST CASH, GIRLS! RIGHT NOW THERE'S A COUPLE OF PRISON DYKES SOMEWHERE THROWING DICE TO SEE WHO'LL BE FIRST TO RIDE MY FACE LIKE A *ROWING MACHINE*!

GN!

OOPS! WE THOUGHT THIS WAS WHERE WE COME TO BE OBJECTIFIED FOR A CHECK, FREE BOOZE AND A T-SHIRT!

SHOW YOUR TITS!

LFP

NO FAT CHICKS

HEY, MARTHA! THERE'S AN EXTRA FIFTY BUCKS IN IT FOR YOU IF YOU LET US GET A SHOT OF YOUR COOZE!

IT'S A GOOD THING!

DAMN YOU, FATHER FLANNIGAN! THERE'S NO NAKED BOYS HERE!

SORRY! I GUESS I WAS MISINFORMED!

YOU WANNA GO GRAB A DRINK OR SOMETHING?

SURE! I WONDER WHERE THE BAR IS IN THIS JOINT!

HOLY ROLLER

THE BAR IS RIGHT THIS WAY, BUT BE CAREFUL. THE BARTENDER IS CARDING!

LUCKILY, WE JUST BOUGHT A NEW SET OF IDs!

BARBARA AND JENNA BUSH? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? SURELY YOU CAN'T BE HARD UP FOR MONEY?

MONEY? FUCK NO! WE JUST CAME FOR THE FREE BOOZE!

LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE HAVING A FAKE-IDENTITY CRISIS!

WIDE LOAD

I HOPE MY PARENTS DON'T SEE THIS TAPE! THEY DON'T KNOW THAT I SMOKE!

THIS IS DISGRACEFUL!

COME ON! I KNOW WHERE THERE'S AN ADOLESCENT BOYS CAMP JUST ACROSS THE LAKE!

DON'T BE A PUSSY, ASHCROFT! YOU ACT LIKE YOU'VE NEVER SEEN A PAIR OF BOOBS BEFORE!

HAVE YOU?!

PLEASE, MR. PRESIDENT! LET'S JUST FIND YOUR GIRLS AND LEAVE THIS SUMMER CAMP OF SIN! NIPPLES...SO MANY NIPPLES!

GW

BARBARA! JENNA! YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO BE DRINKING! DON'T YOU KNOW WHAT ALCOHOL CAN DO TO YOU?

TURN US INTO SOMEONE LIKE *YOU*?

HALF A PINT OF BEER EQUALS HALF A COLLEGE CREDIT IN PHILOSOPHY!

BEER HERE!

I HAD NO IDEA THEY WERE THE PRESIDENT'S DAUGHTERS! THEIR *ID*s SAID THEIR NAMES WERE THE *BARBI TWINS*!

WOULD YOU LIKE US TO CALL THE NATIONAL GUARD, HERR COMMANDANT? WE CAN HAVE THE WHOLE LOT OF THEM LOCKED UP!

WHY DON'T YOU LOOSEN UP A LITTLE BIT! AFTER ALL, IT'S JUST SEX FOR GOD'S SAKE!

SEX IS DIRTY AND IMMORAL! MAYBE YOU GIRLS OUGHT TO FAMILIARIZE YOURSELVES WITH THE PENAL CODE!

NIPPLES! EVERYWHERE... MUSN'T LOOK! SO MANY NIPPLES!

STILL GW!

NO THOUGHT

ASS-CROFT

SOUNDS LIKE A GOOD IDEA TO ME! WHAT DO YOU THINK, CHLAMYDIA?

I'M WITH YOU, *HONEY*!

PRESIDENTIAL STAFF!

I CAN'T BELIEVE I DIDN'T THINK OF THIS BEFORE! THIS MINDLESS DRIVEL IS DUMBING DOWN AMERICA FASTER THAN I COULD HAVE EVER WISHED FOR!

NIPPLES! FILTHY NIPPLES... EVERYWHERE I TURN! DO YOU HEAR ME?!

JUST RELAX, *MR. ASHCROFT*! EVERYTHING IS GOING TO BE JUST FINE! WE HAVE A NICE ROOM WAITING FOR YOU!

DAMN! NOW THAT'S ONE SERIOUSLY REPRESSED WHITE DUDE!

STATE HOSPITAL

SQUIRT!

END







HEATHER

The windy city of Chicago is home to blond beauty Heather, a freshman at **Harper College** in Palatine, Illinois. Boasting a 3.5 GPA, she's certified in deaf interpretation, is an avid dancer and hopes to eventually open a dance school for the deaf. Her ultimate carnal ambition is to have "sex under the stars in an old El Camino." We hear ya, Heather!

—Photo by Friend







AUDRY

Audry, 29, is studying to be a licensed practical nurse at **Westmoreland Community College** in Greensburg, Pennsylvania. This future Florence Nightingale is fond of cooking, jogging and skiing when she's not hitting the books. Audry's unfulfilled sexual fantasy is "to be with two guys at the same time. I've already been with my closest girlfriend and my man, and it was fantastic."

—Photo by Boyfriend

AMATEUR PHOTO/VIDEO CONTESTS

$5,000 IS UP FOR GRABS

Guys, we need you to be HUSTLER's campus point men in our ongoing search for new, untapped Beavers. Do you know gorgeous college students who are over 18 years of age? We're looking for readers to recruit babes for the *Real College Girls* division of *Beaver Hunt*. The process is easy; just snap a couple of clear, sexy—the more explicit the better—photographs (digital shots are cool too, as long as they're high resolution and printed on photo-quality paper). Send them to *Real College Girls*, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Every female whose picture sees print will receive a $350 honorarium, as well as a slot in HUSTLER's 2004 *Beaver Hunt* competition and a chance to appear in the video version of *HUSTLER's Real College Girls*. Finalists score $1,500 each, and the Grand Prize winner will appear in a HUSTLER photo-feature and earn $5,000. The photographer of the Grand Prize winner scores $500, and the Finalists' photographers earn $250. All photographers of models appearing in *Real College Girls* receive a one-year subscription to HUSTLER. Ask the girls to fill out the model release below, and include copies of two legal forms of ID and a current college ID. The model's photo, date of birth and signature must appear on the IDs (not necessarily all on the same one). All photos become the unreturnable property of L.F.P., Inc. No essays are required, but if your model can come up with something sexy, tell her to knock herself out.

MODEL RELEASE/ENTRY FORM

To enter *Real College Girls* you must be 18 years of age or older, and you must fill out and send this release and copies of two forms of ID, one with photo (i.e., driver's license, passport or photo ID issued by state). Second ID can be a birth certificate, Social Security card, credit card, marriage certificate or immigration card. One ID must include your date of birth, and one must include your signature. Send photocopies, not originals. Send two or more sharply focused color prints or slides. Send videotapes in VHS format. Showing pink is optional at entry stage. All photos and videos become the unreturnable property of L.F.P., Inc., which buys all rights in perpetuity to photos and videos we purchase. Win $350 if we publish your photo, or $500 if we choose your video, and win the chance to be in an extended pictorial or feature video worth $5,000. Send photos, videos, IDs and release to *Real College Girls*, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. **Contest not open to residents of Arizona.** Void where prohibited. No purchase necessary.

Model's name

Any alias, nickname, stage or pro name

Name to be published

Date of birth **Phone** (include area code)

Model's Social Security number

Address

City **State** **Zip**

Personal e-mail address **Occupation**

Hobbies

Major **College** **Year** **GPA**

Best sexual experience in college (include separate sheet if necessary)

Model's legal signature (use separate sheets for more than one model) **Date** (month/date/year)

Warning: Anyone signing this release form other than the model will be subject to monetary damages and/or criminal prosecution. I declare under penalty of perjury that all of the information I have given above is true and correct.

Note: Prize money sent to model only.

In consideration of $350 for photographs or $500 for a video, I grant to L.F.P., Inc. all rights of every kind whatsoever, whether now known or unknown, exclusively and perpetually, in any submitted photographs of myself [the "Images"]. Without limiting the generality of the foregoing, and in addition thereto, I further grant to L.F.P., Inc., and its affiliates and assigns, the following perpetual and exclusive rights: (1) to copyright, copy or reproduce, by any present or future means, all or any part of the Images; (2) to exhibit, sell, assign and transmit, and license others to do so (whether by means of still photographs, magazines, newspapers, radio, television, televised motion pictures, videodiscs, videocassettes, videotapes, computer, CD-ROM, Internet transmission or any other means now known or unknown) any or all of the Images; (3) to use the Images in connection with advertising as well as for commercial exploitation, including, without limitation, in magazines, newspapers, books, one-sheets, flyers, catalogs, and covers or wrappers of recordings, discs, CD-ROMs, tapes and/or cassettes, and in connection with the sale of any by-products or merchandising; (4) to use the Images, or any parts thereof, as a portion of a motion picture or other work (and for the advertising thereof) and in connection with the sale of any by-products or merchandise relating thereto, and to reproduce and/or transmit the same by and in any and all media; and (5) to edit, add to, subtract from, arrange, rearrange, distort and revise the Images in any manner as L.F.P., Inc. may, in its sole and complete discretion, determine, from time to time. I certify that I was 18 years of age or older at the time my photographs and/or video footage were shot, and that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

WIN $350

GOOD LAY, MATE

PHOENIX

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
MICHAEL BISCO



Phoenix was born in Vancouver, Canada, but currently divides her time between New Zealand and Australia. She was a psychology major in college, but now the transplanted Canuck says she plans to get a diploma in interior design.







"I also very much want to have a happy family, with a nice home on some cool little beach in Australia," she winks. Regarding Australian guys' reputation for lushery, the 25-year-old says, "Definitely...and they love their women. I've made so much money as an exotic dancer in Australia." The sun-worshiping Libra loves going to the beach and says, "I am very comfortable being naked, and I hate tan lines; so I always go to the nudie beaches. Guys always look, whether you're in a skimpy little bikini or completely naked. I've learned to not really pay attention to it."



COMING NEXT MONTH IN HUSTLER



BATTLE FATIGUE IN IRAQ

As the occupation of Iraq sinks into a quagmire far costlier and deadlier than anyone could have imagined, many U.S. troops are growing weary, frustrated and angry. HUSTLER shows the war in Iraq through the eyes of our soldiers in a special report by embedded correspondent Christian Parenti.

MARY CAREY AHEAD IN THE POLLS



Porn star-cum-gubernatorial candidate Mary Carey's name was on everyone's lips during California's recent recall election, and enough people punched her slot in the voting booth to place her tenth overall in the 135-candidate circus. With the election over, Mary continues to press the flesh. Find out whom she's currently hopping into bed with in an in-depth interview with Features Editor Dan Kapelovitz.



MIDGET RODEO

Don't miss the mayhem as Mexican midgets rope calves, wrestle steers and ride bucking broncos like the big boys do. Managing Editor Tim Kenneally digs up the lowdown on the puny cowpokes.

CAMPUS CONFESSIONAL



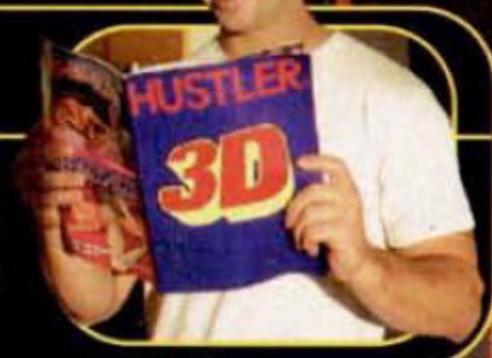
HUSTLER explores the tight, smooth underbelly of America's coeds with our spanking-new column on campus life. In the inaugural installment, Jonathon Dabach reports on the University of California, Santa Barbara's Halloween bacchanal, where the booze flows freely and the costumes are skimpy.



PUSSY PORTRAITS

Take a deeper look at pink with vulva-obsessed photographer Nick Karras and his explicit new book of pussy shots, *Petals*. The Ansel Adams of cunt lips trains his lens on labes in an attempt to unravel the mysteries of the female sex organ. It's an undoubtedly futile mission, but the pictures sure are purty.

3-D T&A



How many times have you wished your favorite HUSTLER models would leap off the page and into your lap? Now they will, as we present luscious babes in eye-popping 3-D! Bury your face in pink so realistic that you'll want to reach out and grope it.

APRIL BOOZE

Bits & Pieces corks keisters with a new "Butt Plug of the Month" and gushes forth with "Newsbites," Web sites and the continuing *Adventures of Horndog Davis*. Jenna Jameson comes clean in *Jenna Tales*. Naked amateurs celebrate spring in *Beaver Hunt*, and *Real College Girls* bone up for oral exams. Jeanna Fine spreads her sage advice in *Dear Slut*, while *Erotic Entertainment* hops down the cunny trail with the latest XXX releases.



Sunrise Adams

The April HUSTLER is on sale February 3, 2004. • Visit HUSTLER's Web site at www.hustler.com.

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